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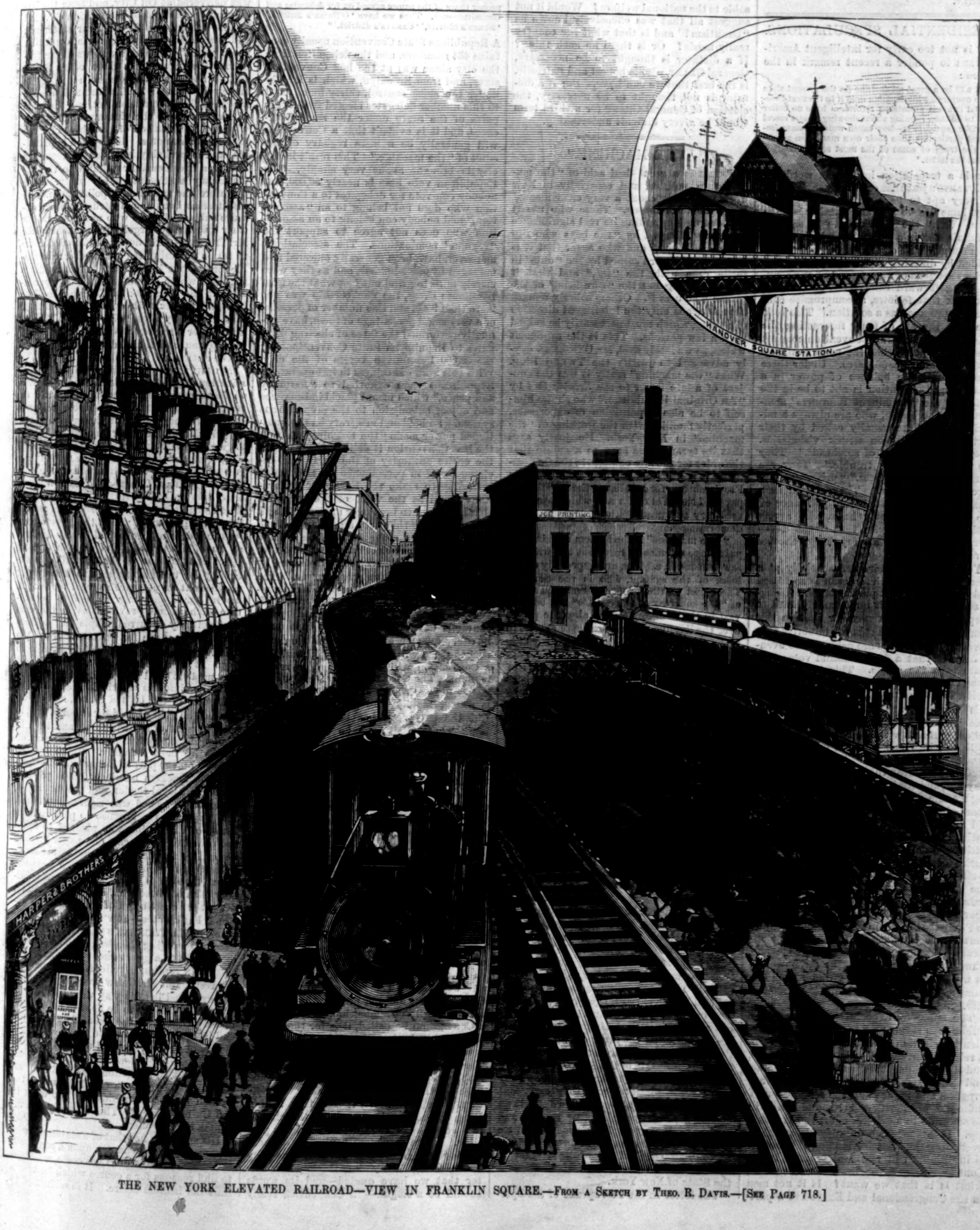
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THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD—VIEW IN FRANKLIN SQUARE.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 718.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 7, 1878.

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PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

It is not too early for intelligent Americans to ponder a recent remark in the *Nation*:

> "It will be a great misfortune (in the present state of the country an incalculable one) if in the next Presidential canvass prominent reformers have no better work to do than running about showing what a rascal the other candidate is—how much worse in many important particulars than their own man, even admitting the truth of some of the most serious charges against the latter."

This is a translation into plain words of Mr. Evarts's jest that our Presidential races are very apt to be a choice between one horse lame in two legs and another lame in three. It is the consequence of seeking "availability" in a candidate, which, again, is a natural result of the rule of a majority divided by differing views and preferences. Various sections of a party and of the country bring forward candidates, and, in the dead lock that follows, a compromise candidate is proposed as a solution. This is so true that the art of truly forecasting the action of a nominating Convention consists in shrewdly perceiving the most available of the secondary candidates. Under these circumstances the balance of power in a nominating Convention is apt to be in the hands of the "prominent reformers" mentioned by the *Nation*, who are always a minority. They are usually called by their party brethren moon-struck visionaries. They are a "faction of soreheads." They are "always making trouble." They are "unco guid," "Pharisees," "prigs," "unappreciated great men." They are, in fact, whatever the impatience and petulance of the steady-going party hack, who agrees with Lord Melbourne that "that d—— morality is sure to ruin every thing," chooses to call them.

Yet it is very desirable, especially at a time when the political ocean is so tossed and tumultuous that parties are exceedingly seasick, and find it uncommonly hard to keep their legs, to remember that in this country of majorities it is the minority that governs. The voters are generally so evenly divided that a few thousand votes in a State turn the scales. This is not so in some of the Southern States, but their condition is abnormal. These few thousands, this minority, are the important factor. The "rank and file," as they are offensively called, will follow the bell-wether over any wall and into any pasture, but the independent sheep will not. They often do, indeed, but we mean that at any moment they may not, and that possibility is the disturbing trouble. In a speech at Brooklyn a few years since Senator Conkling said that he did not understand belonging to a party a little. But it is those who belong to it a little who save us from the natural tendencies of party. Their "impracticability" is simply their refusal to lend their paws to the shrewd fellow with a taste for chestnuts. And as he sees the tempting food so near and yet so far, he naturally remarks to Pussy that she is always making trouble, that she is a Pharisaic prig and a moonstruck milksop, and that her d—— squeamishness ruins every thing. So far, however, as we have observed Pussy under such circumstances, she is not absolutely disconsolate.

The apparent expectation among many public men seems now to be that the Presidential election will present Communism, a reign of terror, the overthrow of society, and the annihilation of property on one side, and General Grant on the other; and that progress and reform and the restoration of industrial prosperity upon a sound basis will be set aside in a general effort to save society. If this means a military dictatorship, overriding the Constitution and the laws, it is intelligible; otherwise it is not. If the Constitution and the laws are to remain, what is it that we want? Is it not men in the Congressional and Executive departments of the government whose sound principles, unquailing courage, and high character are the earnest that wise laws will be made and vigorously enforced? Is it not an Administration, not, indeed, beyond calumny, which every Administration must endure, but beyond just reproach of corruption, favoritism, extravagance, or any form of lawlessness or dishonesty? If, indeed, we have come to the end of the government and the death-struggle of society, let us all unite and secure the order that reigned in Warsaw, and demand a military dictatorship as better than anarchy. But if we have not come to that extremity, what would the nomination of General Grant mean? Except for a feeling that society is endangered, would the nomination be proposed? Great as his public services have been, and personally honest and patriotic as we believe him to be, would his nomination instinctively suggest to the country that cleanliness and honesty and high character of administration which is indispensable to the national welfare? Would it not suggest all that was offensively known as "Grantism?" and is that what the country really needs? Or is there no such thing? If a dictator is thought to be necessary, General Grant, who is honest and patriotic, is the best that we can have. But if a dictator is not thought to be necessary, the election of General Grant for a third term would be a very difficult undertaking.

"THE MACHINE."

There is a great deal said of "the machine" in politics, and especially in New York politics, without a very clear idea of what the term means. Those who use it without understanding its real significance are easily silenced by "the boys who run wid de masheen," and who sneer that it is merely a silly word coined by the "outs" in futile rage with the "ins," and that it means nothing but the "sore head" of the person who uses it. Others soberly remark that it means only the intelligent direction of a party, which must necessarily be lodged with a few persons. This is the argument which, as we lately said, Mr. O'Gorman gayly advanced to justify the Tweed Ring. What "the machine" really is was the subject of a late letter to the *Evening Post* by "An Original Republican," who shows himself to be also a politician of experience, perfectly familiar with the working of "the machine" in New York. He justly says that its tyranny has been so absolute that the order for the late changes in the Custom-house is well called the new Emancipation Proclamation, for it relieves the Republican party of New York of a rule which has been arbitrary and unscrupulous, degrading and demoralizing.

"The machine" is the system of using the patronage of office to carry out the will of a few persons in a State, and especially of the head of the system, who is the Senator. The effect of the Tenure-of-office Law and of "the courtesy of the Senate" has been to vest in the Senators almost absolute power over the livelihood of subordinate officers in their States, and the ambition of young men interested in politics. In New York this power has long been in the hands of the only Republican Senator, and has been used remorselessly. We do not mean by this that he has personally directed every detail, but that his political interests have been most carefully served by trusty henchmen in the higher places, which they held by his favor, and by which they controlled appointments to the lower. It is said that the Senator never asked for subordinate appointments. But why should he? He appointed the appointing officer. Was it likely that that officer would use the power adversely to his superior? Such a system is not a matter of specific orders and requests. It is a general understanding. Yet we are pointed to the absence of specific orders and requests as evidence that there is no understanding. These holders of the higher places are the essential parts of "the machine." They have a perfect understanding throughout a State. Through their subordinates, who are in turn dependent upon them, as they are upon the Senator, they control as far as possible the primary meetings, and thus secure a Convention, which they rule absolutely. Every man in place, or who desires a place, or who has a higher political aspiration, necessarily depends upon the favor of this organization. At a State Convention its members from various parts of the State are perfectly well known. They make the slate. They prepare the platform, and they carry out their plans, not by argument and appeal and discussion, but by bribery, by threats and intrigue. We are saying no more than we know, and what is as well known, evidently, to "An Original Republican," and to hundreds and thousands of them all over the State of New York.

The letter in the *Post* speaks of the operation of "the machine" in the city of New York, and it is well worth attention. This is a State of four millions of people, containing the great city of the country, in which thousands of the most intelligent and conspicuous citizens are Republicans. But in a Republican State Convention how many of this class are usually delegates? As a rule, the delegation from New York is not a representation of the Republican character and sentiment of the city. It is a body selected by "the Custom-house," sent by the Custom-house, and solidly obeying the nod of the Custom-house. With exceptions which are very few, this is the annual fact. "An Original Republican" says:

> "It is safe to say that out of all delegations sent to State Conventions for this city in seven years there have been but five men who dared oppose, even by a single vote, the autocratic power which selected them, and of these one (W. H. Anthon) is now dead. The Assembly districts came to be known not by their members, but by the names of the local party leaders into whose hands the distribution of places therein was committed, and who were held responsible for the 'running of the primaries' and the production at the proper times of the names agreed on for delegates and committee-men. Thus we have 'O'Brien's district,' 'Burns's district,' 'Cregan's district.'"

A Republican State Convention usually contains 454 members, and the delegation from the city alone was at the last Convention sixty, and from Brooklyn, which is largely under the same control, thirty-four. Add to this number delegates elected from other parts of the State under the same influences, and it is evident that a Convention will generally be a mere registry of the edict of "the machine." This result in the city is brought about very simply. The Republican vote here is nearly 50,000, but nobody can vote for delegates to a Convention who does not belong to an "association," and nobody can belong to an association who does not agree to support the "regular" nominations. The associations, moreover, have been generally officered and managed by office-holders, and as they were merely mills to grind out just what the Custom-house chose, the membership was not more than 9000, and this number of persons, or a very small percentage of them, have annually performed the farce of electing delegates to Republican State Conventions for the 50,000 Republican voters of the city. With this kind of business in full operation, Republicans were exhorted to "harmony and peace," which meant placid indifference and abject submission to the preposterous system. So bold and arbitrary had unquestioned power made "the machine," that at the last Convention it deliberately usurped the entire authority of the party, and declared itself in permanence for two years, intending to make the Rochester declarations stand as the voice of the party for that time, and to hold over unchanged, and without giving the party an opportunity to speak, until "the machine" should have made sure of the re-election of Mr. Conkling.

This plan has been seriously disturbed by the "new emancipation proclamation." The chairman of the Committee has been summoned home from Europe. The most diligent inquiries into the probable feeling and character of a Convention have been made in every quarter, and we have little doubt that the plan will now be changed, and that a Convention will be called. The reason is plain. The Conkling interest now says, "It is always asserted that Mr. Conkling is strong mainly through the patronage. But the patronage has been taken from him. There shall now be a Convention called, and he will be stronger than ever." Nobody need be deceived by this tone. A change, indeed, has been happily made in the Collectorship and Naval Office in New York, and they are no longer part of the Conkling machine. But the old organization of the party in the Senator's interest, the ward associations in the city of New York, many of the offices throughout the State filled by him, all remain; and this formidable power, desperately fighting for life, believing that he will yet be able to restore the old system, and united by common and bitter hostility to the Administration, will send a strong representation to the Convention. Should it be a majority, it will assert itself to be the unbought voice of the party. But a great wrong is not so easily undone. As "An Original Republican" well says, "The fear of the return of the old power and old proscription will retard the full consummation." But should a Convention be called, it is for those who wish to break the yoke to be earnest and active in the selection of fitting delegates. There will be no harm done by careful and ample preparation, even if it be thought unwise by the Committee to risk a Convention. We have heard it said that if this Ring be broken, there remains the chance of a worse. Certainly evils are always possible. But a man does not refuse to heal his broken arm because he may some time break his leg. "Think of it!" says the letter that we have quoted—and its words should be a slogan—"a Convention really representing the intelligence and patriotism of the party, and not controlled by the serfs and retainers of the patronage-controlling power! a Convention which can not be made to cheer or hiss at the beck of one imperious man simply because he has power to make or to mar, to appoint or to dismiss!" Such a Convention may not be reached this year, but it is something worth striving for.

THE PARTIES AND THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

The speech of Mr. Thurman in Ohio, and that of Mr. Grow in Pennsylvania, in its financial parts, are excellent illustrations of the position and tendency of the two great parties upon the financial question. Mr. Thurman's is a complete acceptance of all the wild notions and demands of the Ohio Democratic platform; Mr. Grow's an elementary and historical primer of sound and established principles of experience and reason upon the money question. It was delivered at Oil City, and from the beginning to the end of the portion devoted to this subject was full of clear statement and argument, excepting some confusion about "coin." Mr. Grow's views of the tariff must be regarded as those of his State, and do not affect the general scope of his money argument. Mr. Thurman favors the repeal of the Resumption Act, and the issue of greenbacks at the pleasure of Congress, with the substitution of greenbacks for the national bank notes. His speech is plausible, and is probably intended to commend him as a Presidential candidate to the paper-money sentiment of his party. It is therefore the speech of a politician, not of a statesman bent upon instructing in an obscure subject citizens who must depend for their knowledge largely upon teachers like Mr. Thurman. He does not, indeed, declare in terms for unlimited issues of irredeemable paper, but he supports unreservedly a platform which demands that the paper issued at the discretion of Congress shall be of equal tender with coin. This platform was framed by those who desire a permanent paper currency without obligation of redemption, and founded upon "the credit of the nation."

Mr. Thurman does not consider the constitutional question of the right of Congress to issue paper legal tender in a time of peace, and one of the most notable incidents of the currency debate in Congress was the satisfaction of the paper men with the passage of the bill authorizing the re-issue of the greenbacks after redemption, which they justly held to be an affirmation of the permanent right of Congress to issue a paper legal tender. Mr. Thurman, indeed, says that the platform which he supports asserts the principles upon which the government was founded, but he would hardly declare, as an old Democrat, that he can find by strict construction of the Constitution authority for the government to issue paper promises at its pleasure as legal tender. A mortal emergency may be held to necessitate such action, provided, as in the case that actually occurred, ample and definite provision is made for payment. Now the existing paper legal tender is a promise to pay. It is an evidence of debt, and the act that made it legal tender excepted payment of dues on imports and the interest on bonds and notes of the United States, and appropriated the gold so paid for imports, first, to the payment of such interest, and then to the purchase or payment of one per cent. of the entire debt annually. There was no purpose on the part of Congress, as the honest Greenbackers admit, to make paper a permanent legal tender, and the amount of paper to be issued was rigorously limited. The paper was a promise to pay, and the honor of the nation was pledged to fulfill the promise. How can one paper promise be paid by another in any intelligible sense, unless both are believed to mean payment in real money? Or how, as Mr. Grow pointedly asks of those who, like Mr. Thurman, favor the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes—how does the bill-holder, or, in Mr. Thurman's phrase, the people, gain by changing the pledge from a government bond to a government promise? Mr. Thurman replies, In relief from payment of interest. But Mr. Grow truly says that the money saved in this way would be lost on the coin necessary to be kept to redeem the notes. Otherwise the issue of paper would end in a mere *assignat*, the worthless paper money of France, founded upon "the credit of the nation." Does Mr. Thurman mean either that the greenback is to be an *assignat*, or that the laws which made the French *assignat* worthless do not work in the United States? This is really the dilemma that he offers.

His speech is not that of a statesman who wishes to put the country upon a sound basis, but of an ingenious advocate who tries to find reasons for a course which he knows that his hearers desire. It is addressed to what is known as the Greenback sentiment of the country, and is a curious illustration of the political situation. Mr. THURMAN is a Democrat, aiming at the Presidency. He speaks upon one of the most important and vital of public questions, and yet we see nothing in his treatment of it that should not be acceptable, for instance, to such a Republican paper as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. As between a thorough, old-fashioned, hard-money candidate of its own party and one like Mr. THURMAN, it is not easy to see how such a Republican organ could hesitate to support Mr. THURMAN, except upon the ground that the financial issue is unimportant. In fact, the *Inter-Ocean* frankly says that it hopes to make the Republican a greenback party. But could it succeed, it would only have recruited an army for Mr. THURMAN. The speech of the Ohio Senator forecasts the platform on which he is willing to stand, and it makes Republican duty clear. It is to speak upon the subject in a tone so unmistakable, having the ring of sincerity like the Michigan platform, that no honest Democrat of sound views shall be able to say that both parties are equally doubtful upon the subject—a tone so clear that every man in the country shall see that one of the great parties represents the policy of a limitless paper currency, with all its consequences, and the other a speedy return to that healthful basis on which alone industrial prosperity can be securely founded.

PAPER MONEY.

IT is fortunate that the first State election of the autumn, which will be in Maine, is stoutly contested upon the financial question, because the issue will be fairly argued, and the people will have a chance of seeing the fallacies of the paper-money party exposed and confuted. There is, of course, no doubt of the perfect sincerity of many of the advocates of "fiat" money and "absolute" money and "legal-tender paper money adequate in volume for the employment of labor." There are, no doubt, plenty of demagogues and blatherskites and mischief-makers on the same side. But it must not be forgotten that there are a great many persons who honestly hold to the wisdom and expediency of unlimited paper, "guaranteed by the State," and who have nothing whatever in common with KEARNEY except a feeling that legislation favors the rich, and thereby adds to the difficulties of the poor. This is a sentiment which ought to be met by argument, not by ridicule or anger; and the performances of CARY and VOORHEES and BUTLER, who are playing upon ignorance and prejudice for their own ends, do not change the fact that they have a great many honest and well-meaning followers. The people of this country have always shown the power of settling great questions justly. The argument may be long and the contention obstinate, but there are few Americans who distrust the ultimate decision. At this moment the debate is very serious, and demagogues of high and low degree are very busy. But the United States in the year 1878 are not going back to the French *assignats* of 1793.

Under all the forms of the "third party" movement, whatever name it may take, one thing, and one thing only, is evident—the conviction that the remedy for hard times is a larger amount of paper currency issued by the government, and the repeal of the act providing for resumption. This is, in a word, inflation. If we could reach the fundamental conviction in the minds of those who give numbers and importance to the movement, we should find it to be the feeling that the government ought to issue as many paper notes as any body wishes, declare them to be a legal tender, and make no provision for their redemption. Stated in the baldest way, it is an idea that the government can change paper into money. Now the most orderly and honest man who holds that government ought to make as much money as people want, must see that he is aiming at precisely the same result with the Communist. Communism means an equal division of wealth, which is the same thing as having as much money as you want. Now the first lesson that all honest people who hold this view ought to learn is that government can not, in this sense, make money. It may stamp brown paper with the figure of an eagle, and say that it shall be equal to ten dollars, and that debts of that amount may be paid with it. But, for all that, it can not force a man to sell ten dollars' worth of goods or of labor for it.

We saw this during the war. The government stamped a piece of paper and declared it to be in effect a legal dollar. But it could buy at one time only thirty cents' worth of value, and at another forty, and at another seventy. And it could buy that amount only because the person who took it believed that the government would presently be in a condition to pay the full dollar which the stamped paper promised to pay. In the Confederacy the situation was much worse. There was a government there, also, which issued a legal-tender paper money based upon the full faith and credit of the government. On the 1st of January, 1862, it took a hundred and twenty (120) of these paper dollars to buy a hundred dollars' worth of goods, and on the 1st of January, 1865, three years later, it took three thousand four hundred (3400) of the same paper dollars to buy a hundred dollars' worth of food. The answer to this statement is as futile as all the paper arguments. It is that our paper dollar was worth only thirty cents because it was supposed that the government would be overthrown, but, just in the degree that its stability has been proved, the paper has increased in value, until now it is virtually at par with the real dollar. Therefore, it is argued, so long as the people believe that the government is safe, paper will serve as well as gold. The reply is evident. The doubt which depreciated the paper was the feeling that if the government were destroyed, the promise would not be kept. The reason of the par of the paper now is the belief that, having saved itself, the government will keep its promise. If it should be announced to-morrow that the paper would not be redeemed, and that the government would issue the $400,000,000 more of paper which General BUTLER proposes, the total loss of faith in the redemption of the promise would sink the value of the paper to a point which would represent the probability of awakening from such folly and redeeming the notes.

But not only can not a government make money that shall have a stable value, but it can lawfully attempt to do it only in an emergency, upon the same principle that it can decree and enforce a draft, and compel people to go to the front at the risk of their lives. It is a power derived from that of declaring and waging war. It does not exist in time of peace; and if it did, as we have seen, no government could possibly make stamped paper a real money, that is, a stable standard of value in trade. It may compel a man to receive a piece of paper in payment of a dollar's worth of goods previously sold, or a dollar's worth of labor performed, but it can not compel him to give another dollar's worth of labor or of goods in exchange for a similar piece of paper. When, therefore, the National Greenback-Labor party in Connecticut

> "demand that the government shall issue a full legal-tender paper money adequate in volume for the employment of labor, the distribution of its products, the requirements of business, and for the payment of all bonds in absolute money as soon as possible, and no further issue by the government of any bonds,"

they not only demand what no government can do, but what this government has expressly pledged itself not to do. We have promised to pay the bonds in gold or in coin; and the amount of real money, or of the paper representing real money, which is required by business can be determined only by the movement of business itself. These are the most elementary truths. But the evidence on all sides shows that the discussion of this most important issue must be elementary. The issue of the legal tenders by the government makes the argument that government may issue them indefinitely very specious. What the honest paper men and the followers of KEARNEY and BUTLER need to see is that if they could control the government to-day and issue a billion of paper dollars, they could not compel one farmer or laborer or baker in the country to give a dollar's worth of corn or of work or of bread for the whole of it.

THE SARATOGA CONFERENCE.

THE conference of some New York friends of the Administration at Saratoga was a healthful sign of a disposition to insist that the Republicans of the State shall have their customary Convention. The resolution makes no specific provision for the event of a refusal of the Committee to call a Convention. But those who hold the views expressed at the meeting are unlikely to admit the authority of the Committee, under the usages of the party, to refuse the call. If the Rochester Convention of last year is to be the standard of Republicanism in New York, that word will not be attractive to many men whom the party is not rich enough to spare. And if the Convention of this year should be a mere repetition of the last, the prospects of party success will not be bright.

In the desire for harmony the resolution of the Conference holds that honest differences of opinion regarding the policy of the Administration should not be allowed to breed discord. But if a party disclaims an Administration for which it is responsible, does it not teach the country that it can not be trusted to form an Administration by electing a President? The mischief of the attempt to array the party against the Administration is that it discredits the party. To commend an Administration is not to approve of every act and detail. When the Conventions extolled the GRANT Administration, did they mean to praise all the things that were justly censurable? If a party is unwilling to say a good word for its own Administration, on what ground does it propose to appeal to the country? If it can truly say that the Administration has betrayed the principles on which it came into power, let it say so frankly. But if this can not be said—if the Administration, with all its short-comings, represents those principles—how can the party gain by a scornful silence toward it or a plain condemnation of it?

In these days of new questions and of new aspects of old questions, the people naturally wish to know the position of every party. We have no doubt, as we said last week, that a Convention will be held. Those who desire it, as we know, do so in no spirit of bravado. There are many among them all over the State who will turn with interest to a Convention to see precisely what Republicanism means, and what the approval of the action of the Convention imports. Personal considerations are unimportant except as they illustrate this.

PERSONAL.

MR. REUBEN PETERSON, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, is something of a man in his way, and his wife something of a woman. He is eighty-seven, she is eighty-four; they have had seven children, twelve grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, and, what is most remarkable, no death has ever occurred among their descendants.

—Mr. RICHARD UPJOHN, who died a few days since at the age of seventy-seven, passed his life in this city. He may be said to have been the pioneer of American architects, architecture before his time having been more of a trade than an art. His first prominent work was Trinity Church in this city. He also designed St. Thomas's Church, and various other first-class churches in the United States.

—Our London contemporary, *Light*, prints the following pleasant paragraph about one of the most popular of living English novelists: "Mr. WILLIAM BLACK is taking his holiday in the Highlands. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and never more happy than when treading a grouse moor or stalking wild-duck on a mountain tarn. Like Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, however, he never neglects work. We have known him—in windy weather too—shut up in the forecastle of a seven-ton yacht under full sail, diligently doing his hour's writing, while the débris of the forecastle was rattling around him, and the ropes whistling above his head. Such powers of work are invaluable to a literary man, and have been turned by Mr. BLACK to excellent account. Much of the fidelity of Mr. BLACK's natural descriptions is due to the fact that they are actual *tran*scriptions, taken down at the moment under all sorts of difficult conditions."

—The distinguished French authors ABOUT and TAINE were school-boys together, and have always maintained the closest friendship. After emerging from the École Normale they set up housekeeping together in an old house in the Quartier Latin, and, as they were very poor, had great difficulty in keeping body and soul together. One day they discovered that they had neither money nor any thing to eat, and ABOUT started out to scare up some nutriment for the inner man. After a while he returned laden with a basket containing a dozen bottles of wine and various packets of provisions, and followed by an organ-grinder. TAINE was of course no less pleased than astonished, but he demanded an explanation. "Oh," said ABOUT, "I stumbled across a wine-dealer who wanted a first-class advertisement done in the highest style of art, so I sat down and wrote it for him, and he gave me fifty francs and this wine." "But the organ-grinder?" pursued TAINE. "Heavens!" exclaimed his friend, "you don't think one can enjoy a banquet without music, do you? Come, fall to; and you, old buffer, go to work on that divine instrument of yours;" which the old buffer proceeded to do, probably more to the satisfaction of his employer than to that of TAINE.

—General HAWLEY, in a recent letter from London to his paper, the Hartford *Courant*, gives a sketch of the Marquis of Hartington, leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, which conveys the impression that his manner while addressing is any thing but prepossessing, and would be thought very little of in the halls of Congress. General H. says: "This nobleman, forty-five years of age, perhaps five feet ten inches high, auburn hair, brain of moderate size, features fairly harmonious, just a tolerably good-looking English gentleman, is a CAVENDISH, the son and heir of the Duke of Devonshire, and is valuable to the Liberal cause by reason of his rank and connection. His speech of an hour and forty minutes reads well; the brief was well composed; but if he could not be roused to a better manner and delivery, he would never attain leadership in American deliberative bodies and political assemblies. He stood in the place allotted to the opposition leaders, just across the table from the ministry, leaned heavily one hour and thirty minutes out of his one-forty, with his right elbow upon a box on the table, keeping his left hand deep in the pocket of his trousers or akimbo on the back of his left hip, uplifting the skirt of his walking coat for the purpose. Not infrequently he stumbled three or four times in entering upon a sentence and came to a dead stop, starting afresh with more vigor, like a boy backing a little with a heavy wheelbarrow."

—The Rev. Dr. TALMAGE preached a sermon on fretfulness a few Sundays since, in which he said, "Men hunt for evils; they go on laborious exploration for misfortunes; they are willing to endure as much as Sir JOHN FRANKLIN or Dr. KANE for the purpose of finding out the north-west passage to some new grief; they take up the chalice of God's goodness, and smack their lips to see if they can not find something bitter; they stir among the long, luxuriant grass of prosperity to see if they can not find a reptile; and the world is full of worriment and hypercriticism and fretfulness," etc., etc. What have the Brooklyn people been doing lately?

—Rev. J. P. HOYT, of Newtown, Connecticut, had an exceptional birthday anniversary a few days since. It was the day on which his congregation paid off the church debt, the anniversary of his graduation from Yale, of his ordination and installation, and of his mother's death.

—In a "personal," on the 24th ult., we erroneously alluded to Bishop PENICK as "a colored man, born in Virginia." Bishop P. graduated at the Theological Seminary of Virginia, in 1869, and was for some time rector of the Church of the Messiah (old Christ Church), Baltimore, Maryland.

—Mr. JOSEPH MILMORE has received an order from the executors of the STEWART estate for a monument for the late A. T. STEWART.

—King HUMBERT of Italy is about to erect at Turin a monument to his father, to cost $200,000. Italian artists alone are to compete for the design.

—The great success of Lord BEACONSFIELD at the Berlin Congress—indeed, he seems to be achieving his most distinguished triumphs as he grows older—is bringing out from various quarters incidents and anecdotes of his earlier years that are new to the public. Thus a writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "I remember him well, when I was a young man, full of the same ambitions as had animated himself twenty years before I met him. I was a member of the Literary and Scientific Institution in Aldersgate Street, London, in 1844, and it was customary to hold semi-annual meetings that were presided over by rising eminent men. I happened to be appointed a member of the committee deputed to wait on Mr. DISRAELI, at his house in Park Lane, Piccadilly, to ask him to preside at our semi-annual meeting. We did so, and were received by him and Mrs. DISRAELI—the late Countess of Beaconsfield—whom he had recently married. Of course we were received elegantly, and my friend PARRY being considered the best-looking and the best qualified to address the rising statesman, he requested DISRAELI to preside over the semi-annual meeting of the institute, and stated that the members would feel greatly indebted to him for any suggestions for its advancement. I shall never forget the extraordinary look DISRAELI gave PARRY. With an eye that looked from out the soul, with a Mephistophelism that has marked his subsequent career, he said to Mr. PARRY: 'I will have the honor to preside over your meeting, and Mrs. DISRAELI will be present; but, by-the-bye, I happened to be in the Court of Common Pleas yesterday, and heard your eloquent defense. If I should ever have any influence, you can command me.' He afterward made PARRY a sergeant of law. Mr. and Mrs. DISRAELI attended our meeting, and he made an eloquent address. The most extraordinary expression he made was: 'Man can be what he pleases; every one of you can be exactly what he designs to be. I have resolved to hold a certain position, and, if I live, I will.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Tennessee Democratic State Convention met at Nashville, August 16, adopted a long platform, and nominated Judge A. S. Marks for Governor.—The Tennessee Republican Convention was held in the same city, August 22. The Hon. Emerson Etheridge was nominated for Governor. The Vermont Greenbackers met at St. Albans, August 22, and nominated C. C. Martin for Governor, and J. W. Currier for Lieutenant-Governor.

William Niblo, the founder of Niblo's Garden, in this city, died August 21, in his eighty-ninth year.

The yellow fever scourge has not abated. In New Orleans the total number of cases to August 22 was 1550, and the deaths 494. At Grenada the mortality is terrible. Over 90 have died, and there is no abatement. The negroes are dropping down like sheep. There are 200 cases at Vicksburg, and 50 at Port Gibson. Jackson is almost deserted. In Memphis it is spreading.

FOREIGN NEWS.

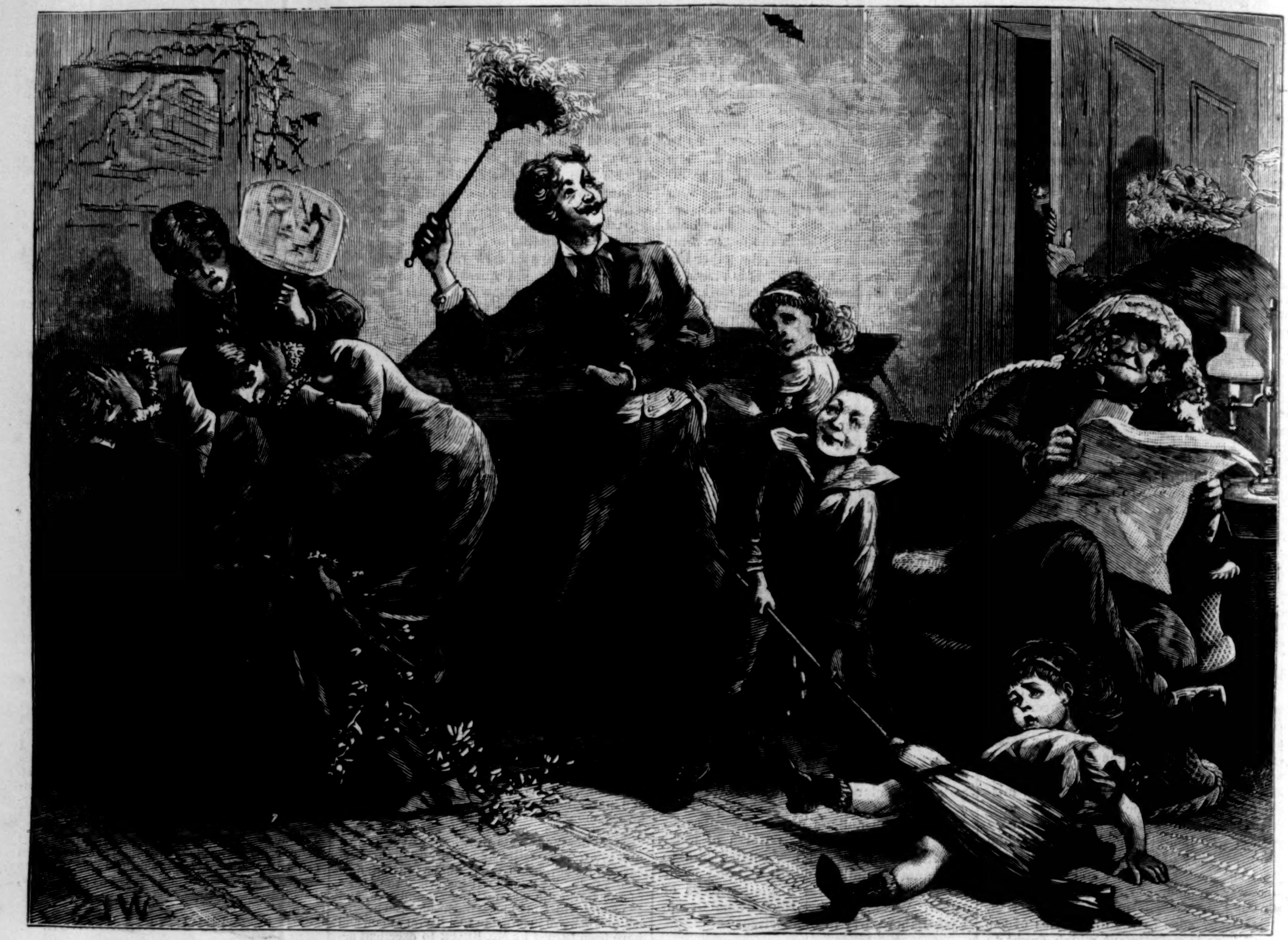
THE EASTERN QUESTION: There has been some desperate fighting in Bosnia during the week. The Austrians, after a severe engagement, occupied Serajevo August 19. The official report of General Phillipovich shows that the capture of Serajevo was the result of the combined operations of his own force and that of General Tegethoff. General Tegethoff occupied Visora on August 17, capturing a quantity of arms and ammunition, after an engagement in which he had eighty-two men wounded and four killed. He immediately advanced a considerable distance in the direction of Serajevo. On the 19th, General Tegethoff's force formed in attacking column against the northern side of Serajevo, and opened a cannonade against the castle at 6.30 in the morning, the insurgent artillery replying. Meanwhile the force of General Phillipovich, divided in two columns, was favored by a thick fog in effecting a turning movement. A column directed against the insurgent position on the westward of Serajevo began the attack at 7.30 A.M.; but the main column, driving the insurgents with difficulty from strong positions, only reached its appointed post on the heights south of the city at 10.30 A.M., when the insurgents' cannon were silenced, and the Austrian infantry advanced in swarms. General Phillipovich says: "Fighting of the most horrible kind ensued, which lasted until 1.30 P.M. The troops were fired upon from every doorway and window. Even the women and the sick and wounded insurgents in the military hospitals participated in incredible scenes of wildest fanaticism. It was only owing to the good discipline of the troops that the town was not more seriously damaged. As it was, some houses were plundered and burned. Our losses, unfortunately, were not inconsiderable. The insurgents fled in all directions, especially toward Gorasda and Rogatica. At the close of the fighting the imperial flag was hoisted and saluted amid the cheers of the Christian population." In Herzegovina the insurgent positions before Stolatz were carried by the Austrians August 21, after a hard fight.—A convention between Austria and Turkey relative to the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was signed August 15. On the 20th, Count Zichy informed the Porte that in the event of more bloodshed in those provinces, Austria would definitely annex them both.—Prince Milan issued a proclamation, August 21, formally announcing the independence of Servia and the reduction of the army to a peace footing.

Emil Hoedel, "the tinsmith from Leipsic," who attempted to kill the Emperor William of Germany in Berlin, May 11, was beheaded early on the morning of August 16.

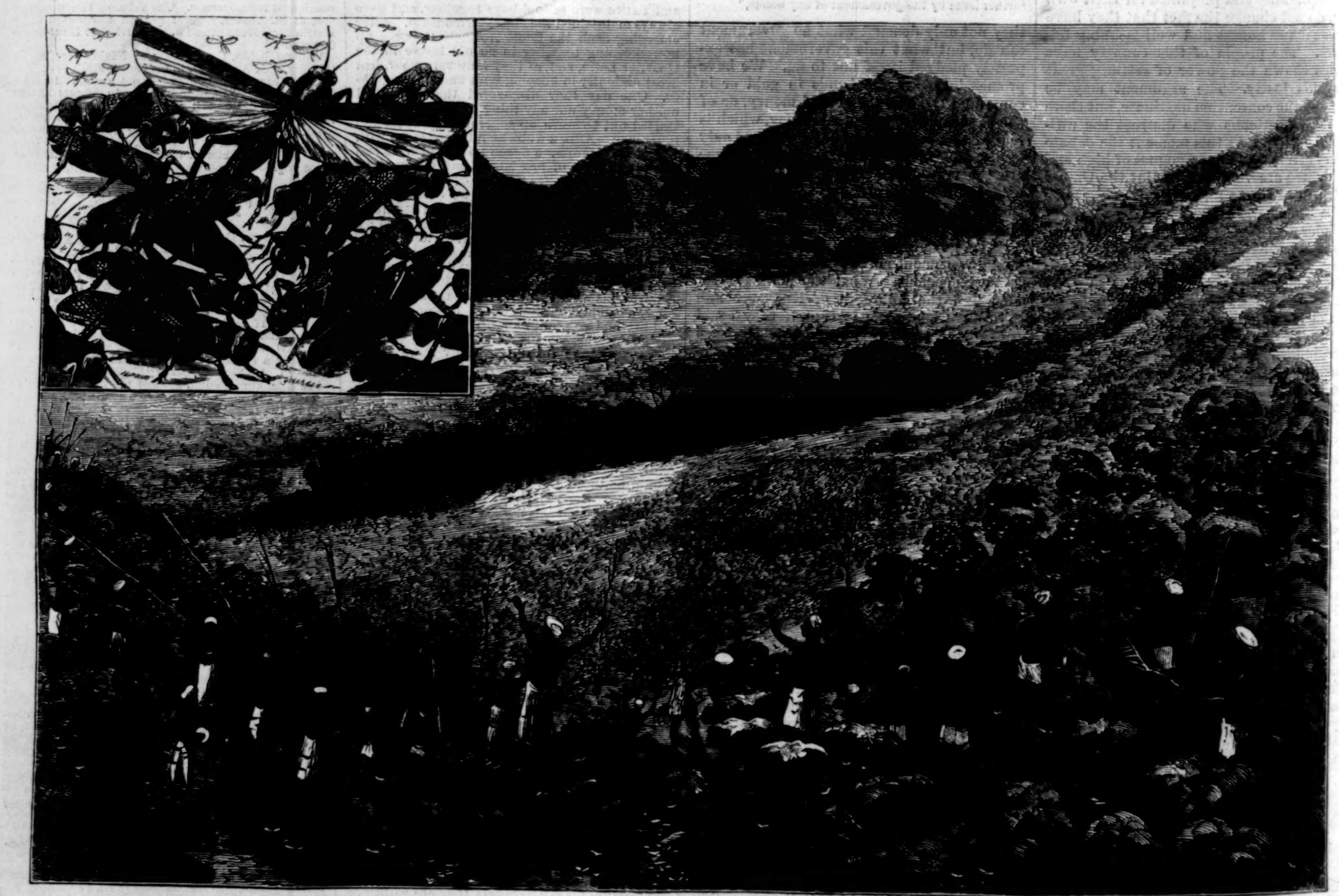
General Mezentzow, chief of the Russian Emperor's private police, was assassinated in St. Petersburg August 16.

The session of the British Parliament was prorogued by the Queen August 16.

Ex-Queen Maria Christina, of Spain, died August 21, aged seventy-two years.



A SKIRMISH WITH AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]



LOCUSTS IN SOUTH INDIA—DRIVING THEM FROM THE FIELDS.—[See Page 718.]

AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

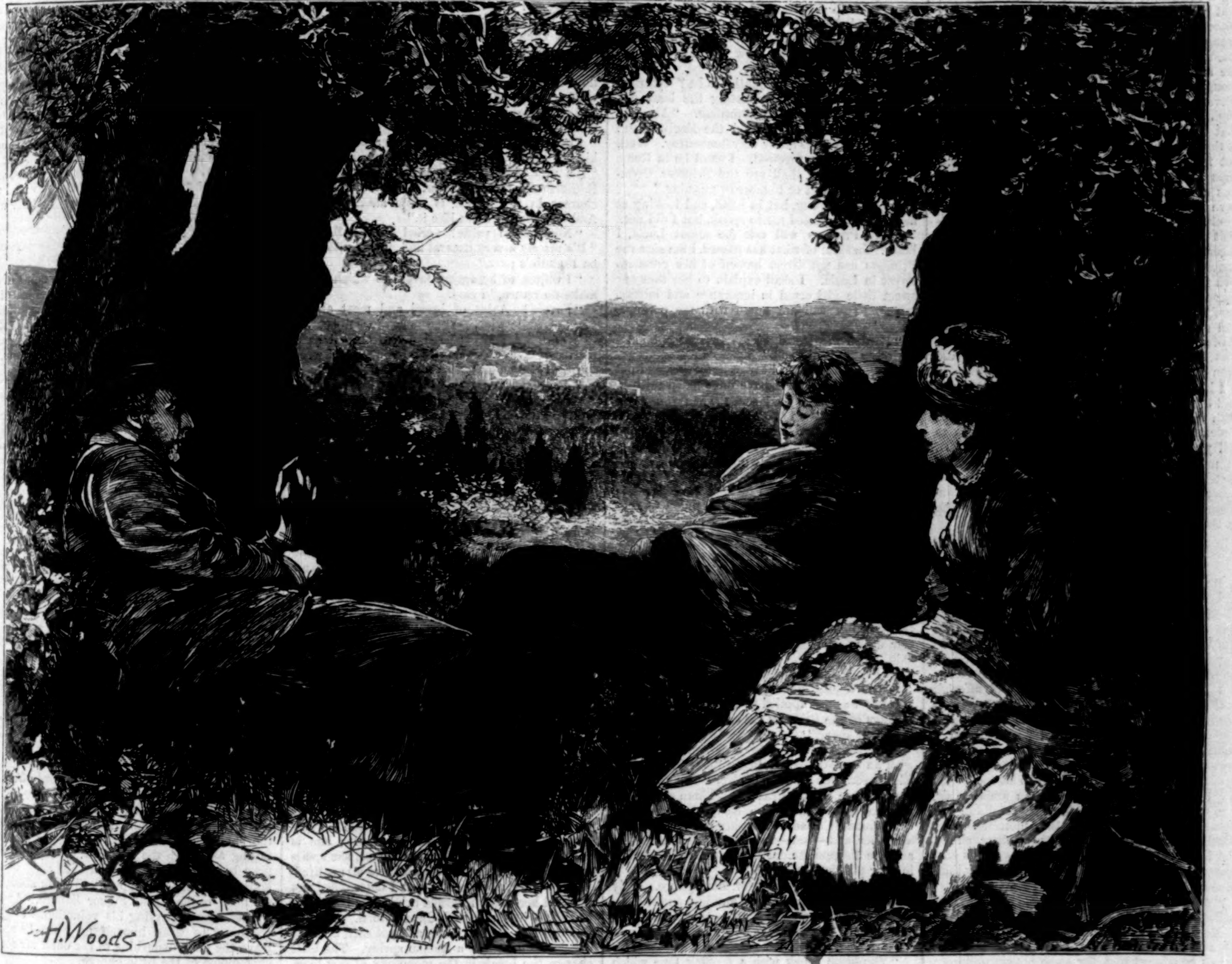
Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

The stranger was presented to us—I can not say in due form—for Signor Sandro, not to mention the fact that he was utterly unable to pronounce the Englishman's name, paid very little regard to "due forms" of the merely conventional kind at any time. But we were made to understand who he was.

It can not be denied that the revelation of my master's project with regard to this unconscious Briton made me look at him with a very different degree and kind of interest from what I should have felt had the revelation not been made. I had resolutely declined to join in Signor Sandro's airy castle-building, but nevertheless, when the subject of our morning's conversation appeared before me in the flesh, I confess that I could not feel quite cool and indifferent. I observed the man with all my eyes and with all my mind.

The first remark which occurred to me was, "How intensely English!" And when he shook my offered hand and said, "How do you do?" I felt an odd sensation which inclined me to laugh, and yet brought the tears into my eyes. And then I remembered that I had not grasped an Englishman's hand, nor received an Englishman's greeting, since I parted from my brother at Southampton two years ago. I had seen and heard numbers of my countrymen, in the streets and the galleries, and the churches and the museums of Rome, but I knew none of them. They neither spoke to me, nor looked at me, nor cared for me; and now this hearty pressure of the hand, this frank, cordial voice, and home-like accent, made an impression on me entirely disproportionate to their every-day character; only that such things had not been every-day matters to Lucy and me for a long, long time. The second mental remark that I made about Mr. Rutherford was that he had by no means the air of a Mæcenas. He looked simple, almost rustic, and had his fair share of British ungracefulness of movement and gesture. He was younger than I had expected, looking not more than five-and-thirty at the most, with a fresh hale tint on his face—the peculiar red hue of a fair skin tanned by exposure to the weather—as if he had lived on an English down or a Scotch moor all his life, instead of having been baked in all sorts of scorching climates, as Signor Sandro told me had really been the case. He had a shock of sandy hair, and sandy whiskers. His upper lip and chin were clean shaven, and enabled me to see the characteristic mouth. It was in his case a *very* characteristic mouth. When closed, it looked tight and stern, with a resolute tension of the muscles at the corners; and the upper lip, although it curved markedly when seen in profile, was decidedly too long to be handsome. But the moment the lips parted, that mouth became sweet and tender, and the smile was made singularly brilliant and attractive by a double range of square, white, and even teeth. In these fine teeth, and in the winning frankness of expression when he spoke, lay all Mr. Rutherford's claims to good looks. The rest of his features were ordinary, and even coarse, and his light blue eyes neither large nor finely shaped.



"'HUSH! NEVER MIND, MISS WILSON,' HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE."

So much for what he said to the eye. To the ear he addressed a rather loud and well-toned voice, with a decided and strong provincial accent; a North-country accent, I felt sure, although I could not pronounce of what particular county. In a word, a greater contrast could not be imagined than he presented to Don Vittorio Corleoni's refined type of masculine beauty—graceful ease of movement, and town-bred, *nonchalant* elegance. Don Vittorio looked not only as if he must appreciate artistic things, but as if he were kith and kin with half the gracious heads of young men which live on the canvas of a Raphael, or a Titian, or a Giorgione. Mr. Rutherford clearly belonged to another order of beings. I wondered within myself whether the contrast was not as great between the two men in inward and spiritual grace as in outward and visible signs.

I had plenty of leisure to make these observations; for after the first salutations, Mr. Rutherford began discussing my picture in Italian (fairly correct, but barbarously pronounced!) with Signor Sandro, and in English with Lucy; and I stood a little in the background, looking and listening with an amount of involuntary interest which was entirely due to my old master's castle in the air, and which I was half ashamed of myself for feeling. A little to my surprise, Lucy seemed to take to our new acquaintance at once. She chatted with him quite at her ease, and pointed out to him all the merits of my study of Monica, with her adorable air of simple gravity, like an earnest child. I say that this surprised me, because, always shy with strangers, she had recently shrunk morbidly from every one except myself and Monsignor Chiappaforti.

Presently I proposed that we should go into the sitting-room; and Mr. Rutherford, taking this, perhaps, as a hint that we should be glad to be rid of his company, shortly afterward went away. But before he did so we had agreed to make an excursion to the villa of Quintilius Varus that afternoon. The men and I were to walk, and Lucy was to have a donkey; and we were to lounge or ramble as seemed good to us. Signor Sandro lingered behind for a few minutes to ask us what we thought of "Rodolfo." "*I* like him very much, Signor Sandro," said Lucy; "and I think he has very good taste in pictures."

"Seeing that he has bought one of the Master's, and has praised mine, *we*, at all events, are bound to agree in that opinion!" said I. But Signor Sandro was almost cross with me for saying it, and would allow of no irony on the subject, but insisted that Lucy was quite right, and that she showed much more common-sense than I did, and declared that, for his part, he had never met with an amateur who possessed a better judgment in art than Rodolfo.

"Oh, but don't you know, Signor Sandro," said Lucy, "that Catherine always is sarcastic if people praise her pictures, and never will believe a word they say." And then she and my master scolded me in concert. This novel alliance between Lucy, who had been wont to declare that Signor Sandro did not half appreciate my wonderful talents, and the old painter, who usually criticised my work in the most unsparing manner, amused me not a little. "Well, well," said I, laughing, "I will make a point in future of giving implicit credence to all eulogiums, and treating corrections with the contempt they merit. And I have no doubt the result on my painting will be admirable! For the present you must allow me to go and attend to my work." And I went back to the studio.

I had not been there five minutes before Signor Sandro put his head in at the door to tell me that he and Lucy were going off together to the Villa d'Este, as it was such an exquisite morning, and meant to sit and bask in the sunshine, and look at the view, and do nothing, until lunch-time. So they departed, and left me to my work. And I can not deny that I felt more hopeful and light-hearted than had been the case since our arrival in Tivoli. Sympathy and kindness and praise (although I took the latter with several sobering deductions) were pleasant and exhilarating. But what exhilarated me most of all was to see Lucy shake off her listless apathy of look and manner, and talk and smile and flush up in something like her old eager way. I had Monica for an hour, to put the last finishing touches to my study; and she, with her quick observation—which always reminded me of that instinctive kind of recognition a dog has of human expression—remarked that I looked cheerful to-day; adding, in an explanatory tone, "not so dull and downcast, you know." I suppose that, seeing me in what she considered an unusually pleasant humor, moved her to be confidential. At all events, after some fidgeting and hesitation (purposely designed to attract my attention), she said, abruptly, "I like you."

"And I like you, Monica, if you will but sit still."

This checked her for a moment; but then she said, looking up at me with unaffected, serious interrogation in her splendid eyes, "Don't you like me at all when I move about?"

"Not nearly so much as when you're quiet," I answered. But I could not help smiling; and the smile neutralized the chill of my words. Monica jumped up and took my hand and kissed it. "I do like you!" said she. Then, lowering her voice, "I like you better than the Signorina Lucia. Yet she's the prettiest. And she never scolds me. You scold me. And yet—" Here she broke off, as though perplexed to discover the cause of this phenomenon of her liking me the best. Fortunately the sitting had come to an end, and I was beginning to clean and put away my palette and brushes; so I let Monica talk on, and bob her head about, and gesticulate as much as she pleased. She came close up to me, and looking scrutinizingly into my face, said, in a whisper, "I can tell you a secret. No one knows it; not even grandmother. She'd be frightened. If I told you, would you tell again?"

"That depends on circumstances," I replied.

"Would you swear not to tell?"

"Certainly not, Monica."

A pause.

"Would you tell if you had promised not to?"

"*If* I had promised, I should keep my word; but I don't mean to promise until I know something more as to what your mighty secret is."

My firmness and air of indifference irritated, and yet in some odd way seemed to attract her. She paced once or twice up and down the room, and then, suddenly stopping in front of me again, said, "I should like to tell you, because I felt better after I told you about that demon, that prince with the gold chain, and the gold hair on his face. You said I should, and I did. It lifted the weight from my heart. And now I have a weight—here—like a stone."

"Is your secret about—that prince, Monica?" I asked, as coolly as I could; but I felt my pulse suddenly quickened.

"No; not about him. About—you wouldn't tell, to bring any one to harm, would you?"

There was a tremulous eagerness in her tone, and she looked at me imploringly.

"Whom should I tell? And how could any secret of yours bring any one to harm?"

"Ah-h-h!" (with a long-drawn sighing exclamation). "It could, though!"

"Well, Monica, you must either trust me outright, or hold your tongue. I will help you if I can, but I bind myself by no promises beforehand." And here I put my last brush in its place, and turned as if to leave the studio. Monica caught at my dress and detained me. "Stay!" she cried; "I will trust you. I make bad blood

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when I keep things to myself. And I have no one else. I dare not tell grandmother."

I returned, and seated myself. "I listen, Monica," I said. She bolted the door inside, and then said, in low, quick tones, "I have seen my brother Pasquale. He has been about in the hills by Olevano. Two days ago he came to Monticelli, and so he heard I was here. And he came in the evening, and waited about, and he saw me, and I did not know him at first; but then afterward, when he spoke a bit, I knew him. He said, 'Don't tell grandmother, because she's old, and she'd be frightened and upset, and let out the secret; or else she'd want me to go and see her, or else she'd try to come and see me. So just hold your tongue.' And I have, haven't I? Only to you, you know. Pasquale said, 'Don't tell any of our people, because I don't know who I can trust.' But then you're a foreigner. You're different. You *are* different, ain't you?"

She was evidently a little uneasy at having disobeyed her brother's injunction; but on the whole her trust in me predominated over her uneasiness. For my own part, I was by no means pleased to be made the recipient of such a confidence, nor yet at the confidence itself. I heartily wished Signor Pasquale out of the neighborhood. From all that Monica had told me—and still more from all that she had refused to tell me—when we first talked of her brother, I was convinced that the latter had for years been leading a lawless, if not a criminal, life; and I felt that he was a very undesirable neighbor in any peaceful community. I asked her what had brought him into those parts, and how long he intended to remain there. To the first question she answered that she did not know; that she thought he had friends in the neighborhood of Olevano; that he might be looking for work, for aught she could tell. To the second she replied that Pasquale was going away from Monticelli (a tiny townlet on the summit of an isolated hill not far from Tivoli) almost immediately—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps even to-night. This was a welcome assurance to me, and I willingly gave Monica the promise she craved for, that I would reveal to no one the fact of her brother's visit to Tivoli. Thereupon she became quite cheerful, and even boisterously gay; began to dance a *salterello* to the accompaniment of her own finger and thumb loudly snapped in rhythm, asked when we were to make our promised excursion to Monte Gennaro, remarked that she had seen "that Englishman" in the town with Professor Santi, announced in a trenchant style that he was ugly and she didn't like him, and then burst into a peal of wild laughter.

I had to check this ebullition of high spirits, and bid Monica take her departure. She did so with undiminished good-humor, kissing my hand violently, and saying, "Ah, how right I was to tell you! The weight is gone from my heart. It makes bad blood for me to keep a secret. But now I shall always tell you every thing—every thing!" And with this dismaying announcement she ran off down the street, singing at the full pitch of her strong, strident voice.

CHAPTER XV.

MONSIGNOR CHIAPPAFORTI called to see me that afternoon just before luncheon-time. I say advisedly to see *me*, for he was aware that Lucy was out. He told me he had seen her going to the Villa d'Este.

"I am come to bid you farewell, Signorina," he said. "I leave Tivoli to-day."

I felt no regret at this news, and affected none. Monsignore, however, did not intend that his adieux should be very brief, for he set down his well-brushed ecclesiastical beaver (such a contrast to the dust-laden head-gear of Don Gregorio!) on the table, and seated himself in an arm-chair. I had no choice but to sit too.

"I was glad," he began, with an amiable air, "to see our dear Lucia looking cheerful and like herself, as she passed me this morning. She seems to have quite recovered her spirits, eh?"

"I can not relieve the Princess Corleoni's conscience—still less her son's—so far as to say that, Monsignore."

"Ahem! No, eh? Ah! Not *quite* recovered her spirits? Poor little thing!"

Monsignore's compassionate tone was belied by a certain twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. I was convinced that, for some reason unknown to me, he preferred Lucy's sadness and depression to her smiles and cheerfulness. After a second or two, finding that I did not speak, he proceeded:

"The old man with her looked like an artist—a painter, I suppose?"

"Professor Alessandro Santi, Monsignore."

"Oh, *really!* Dear me! So that was Santi, eh? Aha! A man of great talents, I believe."

"I wonder you did not recognize him, Monsignore."

"Recognize—? I am not aware that I ever had the honor of Professor Santi's acquaintance. I don't easily forget my friends, either. Does he say he knows me?"

"Oh, he certainly knows you. And he imagines you know him; but he never said you were *friends*."

"Oh! Ah, yes, yes; I think I remember that in the '59 we were brought into contact once, respecting a—a—political matters. At—Perugia, I fancy?"

"At Perugia, Monsignore."

"Just so! Santi, I have some idea, is a Perugian."

"He is a Perugian, Monsignore."

Then Monsignore dropped that subject: the events which liberal Italians speak of as the "massacre of Perugia," and faithful Churchmen, I suppose, deem a creditable page in the history of the Papal Army, did not furnish an agreeable topic to discuss with heretical me. He resumed, airily, "And the other gentleman—evidently an Englishman—is he by any chance your brother come to pay you a visit?"

"My brother is in South America, Monsignore."

"So I understood from our dear Signorina Lucia; but it was possible he might have arrived unexpectedly, you know. Ah! The gentleman is *not* your brother? No; I see. Not your brother."

"Not my brother, certainly. Lucy left the house with Signor Sandro. He is like a father to us both, the kindest and most benevolent of men."

"Ahem! Really? Ay, ay, that is very pleasant for you. So you don't know who the Englishman was who was walking with them toward the Villa d'Este? Indeed, he went into the gardens with them. Don Gregorio chanced to see them, and happened to mention the fact to me. He has a great regard for Lucia, has Don Gregorio. Poor man—an excellent, well-meaning person, and in his way I don't know a more valuable priest for a country parish than Don Gregorio. So you can not at all tell who this English stranger might be, eh?"

I could scarcely restrain a smile, although I was irritated too. "Oh, Monsignore," I said, brusquely, "if you are anxious to know, I can in a measure satisfy your curiosity, but only in a measure, for the gentleman is a stranger to me. The Englishman whom you saw with my master and my sister, and whom Don Gregorio watched into the Villa d'Este, must have been a certain Rutherford, who is fond of art, and has bought a picture of Professor Santi, and has come to see Tivoli in his company. Now you have all I can tell you about him."

"Bought a picture of Santi, has he?" returned Monsignore, without manifesting the least discomposure at my uncivil bluntness. "Aha! he must have money, our friend the Englishman! What you tell me is really very interesting. Well, Signorina, I must farewell. I shall be in Rome this evening, and shall see the Princess Olympia either to-night or to-morrow morning."

He stood waiting, hat in hand, and looking at me as if he expected me to speak, but I did not.

"The Princess will ask me about Lucia, I know. In spite of what has passed, I am sure the Princess can not divest herself of her great interest in Lucia. I shall explain to her that our sweet little girl erred in ignorance and inexperience. You will not agree with me, perhaps, but—"

"Pardon me, Monsignore. In that opinion I entirely agree with you."

"I am delighted to hear it, Signorina, and not at all surprised; for I have unbounded faith in your sagacity and good sense when you allow them fair play."

He looked greatly surprised, nevertheless, and scrutinized my countenance with a quick disturbed glance from his eyes, while his mouth was at "set fair," as usual.

"Ignorance of evil and inexperience of treachery lead people to err in their judgment of such men as Don Vittorio Corleoni. Lucy so erred. We have all to expiate mistakes as well as faults in this world. Her expiation has been somewhat severe."

"Ah, well, well, your bitterness is perhaps not unnatural. My dear Signorina, believe me, there is but one antidote to such bitterness, but one effectual balm for angry and resentful feelings. Our dear Lucia has sought that antidote not in vain. It lies in the teachings and the consolations of our holy religion."

"It is a pity, Monsignore," said I, "that the antidote was not applied to the bitter and angry feelings of the Princess Corleoni before she outraged my sister."

He flushed a dark, angry red, and answered, with an appearance of being flustered which I had never seen in him before, "The cases, Signorina, are widely different. There is no comparison, there can be no comparison, between the Princess Corleoni doing her duty as becomes a mother, and—and—a woman of elevated rank, and the disappointment and chagrin of—persons in your position."

"No comparison whatever, Monsignore. Only I should have thought your antidote ought to be efficacious in all possible cases—even in an 'elevated rank.' However, as to that, you are perhaps the best judge."

"You—you speak with a scoffing tone which is highly irreverent—nay, irreligious. I can not discuss the matter with any one who adopts that tone. It is wicked, absolutely wicked, to talk so!"

"That, Monsignore, closes the discussion, as you say; although in truth 'discussion' is not the right word for our talk. In such cases your Reverence will always have the advantage; since, although you may have nothing to advance against your opponent's arguments, it will always be open to you to declare, with the authority of your calling, that those arguments are wicked."

"I could not have believed," said Monsignore, almost stammering with anger, "that any young woman in a respectable position could have been so—so audacious—so lost to all sense of veneration and modesty! This is the teaching of your *liberal* friends—of Signor Alessandro Santi and his peers. Mercy of Heaven, it is frightful to think of young minds being poisoned by such doctrine! I speak of Lucia, not of you; for I fear you are too hardened and self-sufficient already to be made worse even by the communications of such a rebellious and irreligious man as Santi. A firebrand he always was. He has been marked as a disaffected and dangerous fellow for the last thirty years; and if right were done, he would be in the galleys at this moment! No wonder that young women forget the modesty of their age and sex, who keep the company of such a character."

"Well, Monsignore," said I, coolly, "whatever I may have forgotten, your Reverence's memory has been wonderfully and suddenly refreshed as to Signor Santi. It is not many minutes since you professed to know nothing about him."

But I was not to enjoy my sex's prerogative of the last word. Chiappaforti, having once given his temper the rein, allowed it to run away with him entirely, and seemed rather to enjoy the gallop. He scolded, he stormed, he anathematized me and Signor Sandro, and a great many other persons, in very choice Italian; declared that he could not have believed that any one—still less a young woman—would have ventured to speak to him with such unparalleled insolence and brazen audacity; and after a warm panegyric (which, unlike his praises in general, I must own appeared to be thoroughly sincere) on his own talents, virtues, and hierarchical dignity, he marched out of the house, with his round face fiery red, and his keen eyes sparkling with fury.

"Well," thought I, "Monsignore has thrown away the scabbard, with me, at all events. I don't believe he will ever again think it worth while to disguise his antipathy toward me; and that is one thing gained!"

In truth, Monsignore's wheedling smoothness was far more distasteful to me, and made me far more uneasy, than his open enmity. And I cared so little for any thing he could say to or of me personally, that I was able to receive Signor Sandro and Lucy with a quite unruffled brow when they returned.

Instead of sitting down to partake of our simple fare, as I asked him to do, my master brought me an invitation which he begged me to accept. It was from Mr. Rutherford, who sent his respects, and hoped the ladies would do him the honor to eat their luncheon as his guests, out at the Villa of Quintilian. He had sent on a donkey with a basket of such fare as the inn afforded, and he thought it would be pleasant to take our meal there under the olive-trees.

I hesitated. "I don't much like accepting this kind of invitation from a total stranger," said I. "It's very well to make our excursion in Mr. Rutherford's company; but to put him to any charges in the matter is quite another thing. And—in short, I don't like it."

"Nonsensical pride!" cried Signor Sandro. "It's merely a very natural and proper attention on Rodolfo's part."

"I object to accepting favors to which I can make no return," I said.

"Favors! A bit of bread and meat and a glass of white wine. Yet you gave me my coffee this morning, and expected me to take it as a matter of course. What would you say if I were to begin reckoning up the cost?"

"Ah, that is altogether different, Master; and you know it. If Mr. Rutherford were a poor artist like myself, I should not hesitate a moment."

"*Per—Giove Capitolino!* you are the most perverse creature! If a man has to count every *soldo*, take his hospitality as a matter of course. When you're quite certain that he will never feel the difference whether two people or ten eat at his board—oh, then we mount on our high horse, and 'can not accept favors.'"

"I think, Catherine," put in Lucy, timidly, "that it would look rather overstrained to refuse Mr. Rutherford. It is such a simple matter, after all; and no doubt he would like to eat his luncheon out there, and he could scarcely do so while we sat by and looked on and refused to partake of it, could he?"

"Oh, let her alone, *piccina!*" said Signor Sandro; "once she takes a thing into her head, she is as obstinate—I know nothing obstinate enough to compare with her."

"Come, come," I answered, "it is not worth expending so much powder and shot about; if you would like it, Lucy—"

"Yes, dear, I should."

"Then let us say 'Yes, please,' instead of 'No, thank you.' I don't want to seem proud or pedantic."

Lucy kissed my cheek, and turning smilingly to Signor Sandro, said, "Ah, you don't know Catherine when you call her obstinate; she is only firm in a good cause. As for me, she spoils me, and has spoiled me with kindness all my life."

She seemed so cheerful that I determined not to cloud her newly returned brightness by telling her of my interview with Chiappaforti. The day was brilliant; sweet, fresh, and yet soft, with the delicious softness of a Roman spring. The little change, the break in the monotony of our lives, apparently even the society of this stranger (although, as I have said, Lucy was usually apt to shrink shyly from strangers), combined to raise my sister's youthful spirits. She was outwardly the gayest of the party when we set out; and only one who knew her as profoundly, and watched her as anxiously as I did, could have detected the occasional fits of abstraction, the wandering eye, the unconscious sigh, the mournful droop of the mouth, which came ever and anon to checker the smiling serenity of her mood. Still, to see her alert and interested in any thing, even fitfully, was unspeakably delightful to me; it presaged the complete return of her old joyous, happy temper.

Lucy rode on a donkey, and although the driver of the beast, a ragged boy who was an old acquaintance of mine in Tivoli, accompanied us, yet Mr. Rutherford walked the greater part of the time beside Lucy, holding her donkey's bridle, and every now and then stopping him at a peculiarly fine point of view in order that Lucy might enjoy it. For, as he truly observed, the main object of both steed and driver was to scuttle along to the end of their journey, and both had a mechanical, routine way of performing the jaunt, which it required some strength of will and arm to interrupt at unaccustomed places. Signor Sandro and I walked on soberly side by side, now before and now behind the others. And whenever we were out of ear-shot my master took occasion to exult in his own sagacity, and to point out to me how pleasantly Lucy was chatting and smiling with "Rodolfo," and to inform me that the latter had already confided to him (Signor Sandro) that he thought Miss Lucy one of the sweetest and most interesting-looking creatures he had ever seen.

"Ah, Master," said I, gravely, "let us beware lest we do mischief where we mean to do good. Such sentiments as you want to encourage ought never to be interfered with by a third person, unless on very strong and tangible grounds. I should be sorry if Mr. Rutherford were to be deceived into fancying that Lucy's manner toward him means anything more than the natural simple sweetness which she shows to every one. Believe me, however smiling she may look, however blithely she may speak, the old wound is not healed. It would quiver agonizingly at the slightest touch."

"Humph! Caterina *mia*, I like our *piccina*. She's a dear little girl. But all women are not as steadfast, and—let us say obstinate, eh?—as yourself."

"But, Master—"

"No, no; not many of them are as obstinate as my self-willed pupil," interrupted Signor Sandro, at the same time patting my shoulder tenderly. "And as to Rodolfo, let him take care of himself. He's no fragile blossom to droop at a young lady's frown. Men's hearts are pretty tough nowadays, I fancy."

I looked at Mr. Rutherford, toward whom we were advancing during this conversation. The donkey had, for some private reason of his own, suddenly mended his pace, and carried Lucy and her squire some distance ahead of us. They now paused for us to rejoin them, and as I saw the Englishman's strong, sturdy figure, his cheerful, frank face, and general air of self-reliant vigor, I owned to myself that he did not look much in danger of pining in love-sickness. And I told myself, moreover, that it would be indeed a foolish and overstrained punctiliousness which should make me anxious about his peace of mind, at all events as yet. So I cast care to the winds, and, exhilarated by the loveliness of the day and the scene, determined to enjoy the passing hour with a thankful spirit.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER we had wandered about the ruins of the villa, peeped into the tiny church dedicated to the Virgin, and called La Madonne di Quintiliolo (an odd reminiscence of Horace's pagan friend!), climbed a little up the slopes behind it, and gazed at the magnificent view from all these points, we sat down under some secular olive-trees, whose roots descended into the marble vaults of the ancient mansion, to eat our luncheon. It was a very good luncheon, we thought; but Mr. Rutherford's North-country notions of hospitality were by no means realized. He complained of its being but a poor kind of snack, although when we had all eaten heartily there was enough left to furnish an abundant meal for the donkey-boy and for the man who had driven out another donkey, a sort of sumpter-beast, laden with the hamper full of good cheer.

It was not only in providing food for us that Mr. Rutherford had shown his thoughtfulness, however. He had brought a couple of stout plaids for us to sit on, and insisted on rolling up his own great-coat into a cushion to support Lucy's shoulders as she leaned back against the trunk of an olive. Then he asked if a cigar would be disagreeable to us, and receiving our ready permission to smoke, he stretched himself on the coarse herbage, resting his elbow on a little hillock all overgrown with wild flowers, lit a very fragrant cigar, and declared himself to be quite comfortable. For a while we talked in Italian; but presently Signor Sandro got up and strolled away, saying that he should take another look into the church. Mr. Rutherford offered to accompany him; but Signor Sandro opposed his doing so, and finally confessed that, feeling somewhat sleepy, he should take a short nap within the shelter of the church, as he was afraid of falling asleep in the open air. "If I don't appear before, call for me when it's time to turn homeward, which I suppose will be in about half an hour or so," said Signor Sandro. And he walked away, carrying his voluminous cloak, in readiness to wrap himself up when he should leave the genial sunshine of the outer air for the chill gloom of the little church.

"It's odd how afraid the Italians seem to be of the open air," observed Mr. Rutherford. "I should have thought that the Professor might have enjoyed his nap better here in the sunshine, with his cloak for a pillow."

"Ay," said I; "but when open air means bad air, *mal' aria*, as it does here too often, you can not wonder at their dreading it. You have probably no experience of the malady called Roman fever?"

"Nor personally of any other fever, so far as I know," he returned, smiling, and knocking off the ash of his cigar. "But I have seen the effects of a cognate malady to Roman fever, belonging to an elder branch, though—what you might call the head of the fever family—in South America. And a very ugly customer he was. By-the-way, Miss Lucy, hadn't you better wrap that plaid a little closer round you? The great precaution is to avoid getting chilled, I believe."

"Oh, I am quite well taken care of, thank you," said Lucy. "No fear of that not being the case where my sister is."

I thought this not a very gracious way of receiving Mr. Rutherford's well-meant attention, but he seemed to take it with perfect good-humor, merely casting a quick look at me, and smiling a little to himself.

"Never mind wrapping me up—I give quite trouble enough as it is—but tell me about South America. How long is it since you were there?"

"Five years."

"Ah, then you can not have come across our brother. He is in Brazil. He went there two years ago. But tell us about the places and people there. We can fancy him among them."

Mr. Rutherford good-naturedly began to comply with Lucy's wish. He talked of his travels in South America and the scenes he had witnessed there, and the people with whom he had been brought in contact. I was struck not only by the good sense exhibited in his discourse—for that I should have been prepared—but by the vein of poetic feeling and fancy which ran through it. Nothing beautiful or romantic seemed to have appealed to him in vain. Despite his simple exterior and homely accent, it was impossible not to recognize that he possessed a poetic imagination, and that, moreover, he had cultivated it by very extensive reading. Whenever he warmed to his subject—as, for example, in speaking of the natural beauties of those luxuriant countries—he poured out innumerable quotations from poets old and new (most of whom I only knew by name, and many not even so), not with the slightest air of pedantry, but as if those were the most appropriate words to express his thoughts, and as if they rose to his lips spontaneously. I listened with the greatest interest; and, turning my glance on Lucy at one point of Mr. Rutherford's description of a Brazilian forest, was surprised and mortified to see her eyes closed and her head drooping—in a word, she had fallen asleep. His eyes met mine, he ceased speaking, and I felt my cheeks grow red and hot.

"Hush! never mind, Miss Wilson," he said, in a low voice. "She is tired, poor child—excuse me, but she seems so like an innocent, gentle child! More than ever, now that she is sleeping. My palaver has soothed her like a lullaby. Don't disturb her for the world. Let me throw the corner of the plaid over that branch to shade her face from the sun—so! Now we will move just a yard or two off, lest our voices should awaken her."

It seemed to me that Mr. Rutherford must either be extraordinarily benevolent and sweet-tempered, or else really inclined to be in love with Lucy. For certainly it was rather trying to be commanded to narrate adventures and make descriptions, and then in the very midst of a glowing period to find your audience nodding to sleep, instead of being absorbed in listening. "But when a man is in love, I suppose he finds every thing that his idol does well done and charming. And on the hypothesis of his cherishing a little tender sentiment for Lucy is his unruffled good-humor to be accounted for very easily."

Thus ran my thoughts—swiftly, as thoughts will run. And yet at the same time I struggled to resist the conclusion they pointed to, being ashamed of the influence which Signor Sandro's match-making project had already gained over the tenor of my speculations.

"She is not strong," said Mr. Rutherford, speaking under his breath, and looking over at Lucy.

"She has been ill lately," I answered; "but formerly, although not robust, as you see, she has always had good health."

"Do you think the climate of Italy agrees with her—with you both?"

"Yes; I think so. For myself, I believe any climate would suit me."

"What, even the rugged North? I fancy you would find England bleak after this Roman sky."

"You speak as if I were an exotic needing a hot-house. You forget that I am an Englishwoman born and bred, and that it is but two years since I have been living under alien skies."

"*Cælum, non animum, mutant*," murmured Mr. Rutherford. "You keep an English heart, Miss Wilson."

"I own I love my own country better than any other."

"In short, you are a prejudiced Briton, eh?"

"Perhaps. But I have noticed very often that those who affect cosmopolitan principles, and declare that 'one country is as good as another—and better!' are tolerably indifferent to every thing but their own individual ease and comfort. Citizens of the world and universal philanthropists I look upon with suspicion."

"You think that charity ought to begin at home, and stop there!"

"I think that the charity which is reared at home will be stronger on its legs and have a chance of travelling farther than any other sort."

"Well, I have been travelling and knocking about the world pretty well ever since I was eighteen; and I have found good and bad every where. As the Italians say, '*Tutto il mondo è paese.*' But yet I own that whenever I thought of my bleak Cumberland fells, something seemed to tug at my heart-strings. And when I went back to my old home last year, the first sound of the rough Northern tongue brought the tears into my eyes."

"And you would not part with those feelings, although they may have cost you many a melancholy hour, to enjoy the most philosophical immunity from prejudices in favor of your own kith and kin."

"Kith and kin!" echoed Rutherford, rather sadly. "I have few of my kith and kin left to be prejudiced for; very near to me, none. An old great-uncle, my grandfather's younger brother, still lives a bachelor on the farm he inherited nearly sixty years ago; and of Rutherfords who call cousins with me there is no lack. But father, mother, and sisters are all dead and gone. You can not think, Miss Wilson, what a delight—not altogether unmixed with sadness—it has been to me to be admitted to the society of my countrywomen this afternoon. You can not tell how grateful I am to you and your sister for consenting to come. I love travel, and the excitement of new scenes, as well as most men; but to one who has once known the sweetness of women's influence in his home, 'tis but a dreary business to lounge from coffee-house to coffee-house, from inn to inn, hearing nowt but gruff voices, and seeing nowt but bearded faces."

When Mr. Rutherford spoke with any emotion—as he did now—his North-country dialect came out strongly; and I fancy that as he became more at his ease with me, he ceased to keep any watch over his accent. To my ears it was not unpleasing, but had something hearty and homely in it which I liked. He asked about my brother, what his business was, and how he was prospering; and gradually, as we talked, I was led to tell him our simple history, barring always any allusion to poor Lucy's love story. That was her secret, and I felt bound to keep it sacred. A shadow fell across the grass at our feet, and a loud voice called out, "*Corpo di Bacco!* Why, if I had not waked of myself, it seems we might have staid here till sundown, and all died of fever. Come, come! march! Where are those lazy donkey-boys and their beasts?"

Signor Sandro's voice wakened Lucy with a start, and then my master began to scold us all round for allowing her to fall asleep in the open air, and to prophesy dire consequences from our carelessness, at which, however, Lucy laughed incredulously. "Signor Sandro," said she, "I don't believe a word of your croakings—not one word. What! up here on this hill-side, with the air so sweet and pure, and the grass as dry as if it had been baked in a lime-kiln, to talk of fever and malaria! And besides, I was only just dozing; I had not closed my eyes five minutes when you came up."

Rutherford, who was behind her, gave me a comical look with raised eyebrows, when she said this; but at the same time laid his finger on his lip as a hint that we were not to undeceive either Lucy or Signor Sandro as to the duration of her slumber. While he bustled off to see after the donkeys, and while Signor Sandro was insisting on pinning a warm shawl more closely round Lucy's shoulders before she mounted, I looked at my watch. To my amazement, it marked four o'clock. We had been sitting under the olive-trees more than an hour, then.

Our progress homeward was made in the same order as in the morning. Mr. Rutherford walked by Lucy's bridle, and my master and I trudged along side by side. Signor Sandro was full of "Rodolfo's" praises as we walked. Was not he a good fellow—frank, honest, kind, sensible? A pearl of Englishmen! And without that coldness which was well known to be a British characteristic. Rodolfo had enthusiasm!

"And why not?" returned I. "Enthusiasm! There's no lack of that among my countrymen, as I've often told you, Master."

"Yes, you have often *told* me so, *Caterina mia!*"

"Well, and what does your own observation tell you? Trust to that, and never mind the cut-and-dried commonplaces which people repeat one after another, like parrots."

"Ah, child, I own that Rodolfo has warmth of feeling; but he is an exception. Look at the hard, cold phizzes of half the Englishmen you meet in Rome. Eyes like steel, and mouths that seem to shut with a spring."

"The warmth is concentrated in the heart, Master; not wasted in fizzing fire-works."

This was an old dispute of ours, and we carried it on till we were close at our own door, where, indeed, Lucy had already arrived, and was being lightly lifted from her saddle by our new friend.

"Listen, Caterina," whispered my master, plucking at my shawl to detain me. "You ought to ask Rodolfo to come and drink a cup of tea with you this evening in the English fashion. It would only be right and becoming."

Under other circumstances I should not have needed the hint; but Signor Sandro's unlucky project with respect to this stranger made me shrink from any appearance of hunting after his company. I hesitated, saying, "Oh, I think the poor man has had enough of us for one day." But as soon as we reached the door-way, where Lucy was awaiting us, she said to me, "Oh, Catherine, I have made Mr. Rutherford a promise which you must help me to fulfill. I have told him that if he will come here about eight o'clock with Signor Sandro, he shall have a cup of good tea—what the Italians call 'English tea,'" she added, turning to Mr. Rutherford with a smile; "but I warrant you it was grown in China. We brought it with us from Rome. It is, I think, the sole luxury Catherine allows herself."

Of this speech Signor Sandro only caught the word "tea," which he understood, and repeated with an imitation of the English pronunciation, lengthening out the vowel, "*Tee, tee*, yes; it is very good, your *tee*—not that I ever drink it."

I was half inclined to be vexed with Lucy for her overzealous hospitality; which was unreasonable on my part, for if any hint of that which was in my old master's mind had reached her, I well knew that the cordiality of her behavior to the Englishman would have been frozen to death in a moment. Mr. Rutherford stood for a second looking at me, and then said, "Oh no, thank you; I think I had better not intrude on you this evening. Miss Wilson looks a little tired, and Miss Lucy too may need rest."

"Rest! I have been resting while you others were walking, and I am all the better for the sweet fresh air. No, you must come! Must he not, Signor Sandro?"

"Certainly, certainly. I will bring him."

"But Miss Wilson does not seem to—to—approve," murmured Rutherford, in what certainly seemed a disappointed tone. Thus appealed to, I could do no other than add my personal request to my sister's invitation, and so we parted, with the agreement to meet again in a few hours.

"Why, Catherine, I never saw you so inhospitable," exclaimed Lucy, as soon as she and I were alone in our sitting-room. "The poor man looked dreadfully mortified that you did not second me by a word."

"Well, you see, dear, I hope I have not been inhospitable—but—there's no use in being too lavish of your company to a total stranger. Besides, he might not think it polite to refuse our invitation, although he might not particularly care to come."

Lucy stared at me. "I don't understand why you should think so, Catherine," she said. "He seemed most pleased and grateful when I first asked him. And all the way home he has been telling me how he had enjoyed the afternoon, and what a delight it was to him to have some ladies' society. He's a good, simple-hearted man. I like him very much. And why should we not all be sociable and pleasant together, Catty dear?"

"Well, darling," I answered, kissing her fair forehead, "we *will* be sociable together, then. And as pleasant—as circumstances will permit."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already referred to the completion of negotiations between the United States of Colombia and the Interoceanic Canal Co., of which Mr. Lucien N. B. Wyse is agent, for the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The right is conceded for ninety-nine years, with permission to construct a railroad parallel with the canal. The plan is to be submitted to the government in 1881, and the work to be completed in twelve years, but six years extra will be granted, if necessary. The canal is to be large enough to carry vessels 475 feet long, 52 feet wide, and of 26 feet draught. The company is to deposit £30,000, in return for which they are granted a large tract of land. The ports at the two ends of the canal are to be declared neutral forever, as well as the waters of the canal, which are to be open to the merchant vessels of the whole world. A reservation is made as regards ships of war. Every thing passing through the canal not intended for use in the country is to be free from all taxes.

Mr. Augustus Fendler, whose collections of plants, made thirty years ago in the vicinity of Santa Fé, were made known by Professor Gray, and who for many years resided in Venezuela as a botanical collector, is now prosecuting similar work in the island of Trinidad, devoting himself to the gathering of ferns and fern-like plants. Sets of the first series of these, embracing the first thirty-eight species, are procurable at a moderate price from the curator of Harvard University Herbarium, Cambridge, Massachusetts. They have all been named by Professor Eaton, of Yale College, our highest authority on the subject.

We have already referred in our columns to the claims of the Chinese cyprinoid fish to favor in connection with artificial propagation. This was brought to notice by M. Dabry de Thiersant, and described in his magnificent volume on fish-culture in China as the *Hypophtholmichthys dabryi*. It is in some respects even superior to the carp, being of finer flavor, and attaining a larger size. Like the carp, it has been cultivated for many years as a domestic fish, and is easily kept in tanks; it feeds readily on aquatic plants, and sometimes attains a weight of forty pounds. Thiersant compares its flesh in point of taste with that of the turbot or trout, and states also that it is remarkably free from bones. In 1875 Thiersant sent 900 of these fish to France, of which only nine arrived safely at Marseilles. These, however, have grown very rapidly, and will, it is hoped, spawn during the present year or the following. Arrangements have been made by the Acclimatation Society of Paris to obtain an additional number for more satisfactory experiment.

Dr. Woodworth, of the Treasury Department, the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, publishes a weekly bulletin of sanitary reports received from all parts of the United States and other parts of the world, under the National Quarantine Act.

Under date of August 3, his health bulletins from New Orleans, Key West, etc., have been published in the daily papers; but from foreign ports he mentions 129 deaths from yellow fever and 13 from small-pox at Havana, in the week ending July 30, and almost an equal proportion of deaths at Matanzas; 14 deaths from cholera at Calcutta in the week ending June 3, and 33 deaths during the two weeks ending June 11. The health of the Russian army around Constantinople has greatly improved; and the epizootic prevails exclusively among the cattle of Asiatic and European Turkey.

In the recent death of William C. Hewitson we record the passing away of a veteran zoologist whose work has long been highly appreciated. Mr. Hewitson was born seventy-two years ago; and being during the greater part of his life in the possession of an ample income, was able to devote himself to scientific research. In 1831 he projected a work on British oology, which was printed in 1838. It was of pre-eminent value in its day, and has scarcely been surpassed since in its descriptions of the eggs of British birds, and in the minute detailed biographies of birds and their habits during the breeding season. He visited Norway for the purpose of obtaining material for the improvement of his work, the first edition of which was soon exhausted. A second edition was published in 1842, and a third in 1853. After this Mr. Hewitson's attention was turned specially to the lepidoptera, of which he made a magnificent collection, and which has been bequeathed by him to the British Museum. His publications in illustration of this group have been as interesting and attractive as those just mentioned.

Mr. F. A. Ober, who has been engaged for several years in prosecuting investigations into the ethnology and archæology of the West India Islands, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, reached Martinique the beginning of July, where he proposes to continue his labors. He has already explored the islands of Dominica, St. Vincent, Santa Lucia, Antigua, and Tobago, and has sent home a very good collection of the birds of these islands, including quite a number recently described by George N. Lawrence as new to science. He has also supplied many archæological objects of considerable interest. A list of the birds of Dominica and St. Vincent, prepared by Mr. Lawrence, is published in the Proceedings of the National Museum at Washington, and the notices of the remaining islands will soon appear in the same journal. Mr. Ober expects to return to the United States in September or October next.

It is not always that showers of atmospheric dust, such as are frequently observed by vessels far out at sea, can be so distinctly traced as that which fell a few years ago in Sweden. Professor Mohn has lately ascertained this to be due to an eruption in Iceland on the 29th of March, 1875, at a distance of 980 miles, the dust moving at a mean rate of thirty-six miles per hour. During the first twelve hours it drifted at a uniform rate of nearly fifty miles per hour until within sixty or eighty miles of the mountains of Norway, when its speed suddenly fell to hardly more than twenty-seven miles an hour. The interesting point is, that a mountain system such as that of Norway, lying across the wind's path, would appear to exercise a decided influence in reducing the velocity of the aerial current under its level to the extent of nearly one-half at a distance of sixty to eighty miles to windward.

The Fifth Part of the work by Mr. C. J. Maynard on the *Birds of Florida, and Water and Game Birds of Eastern North America*, contains two plates, one of the white-eyed ground robin, and the other of the black and white sharp-tailed finch, both species discovered by Mr. Maynard some years ago in Florida.

In 1877 a joint special committee was appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to investigate the operations of the Fishery Commission, and especially to inquire into the possibility of improving the fisheries of the Susquehanna by the construction of fish-ways or other devices to facilitate the passage of shad up that river. A careful examination was made by the committee, of which Mr. Joseph H. Nisley was chairman, and in a report recently published they came to conclusions rather negative than positive, viz., that no method has been presented to their consideration by which the difficulty of the dams or other artificial obstructions can be obviated, with the exception, perhaps, of the entire removal of the dam at the Columbia, and the securing of fresh-water in the canal by some method of constructing wings, which, according to Mr. Sharpless, will cost $315,000.

Among the diseases to which the European is subject in Cochin China is a peculiar diarrhœa or dysentery, which manifests itself very shortly after arrival in the country, and is frequently abruptly fatal. No degree of acclimation has been found sufficient to secure immunity from the disease, although the natives were found to be comparatively, if not entirely, free from it, and it was only within quite a recent period that the cause has been ascertained. It is now well established from the researches of certain French physicians that it is due to the penetration into the digestive tube of certain minute worms, which fix themselves in the mucous coating and multiply very rapidly, keeping up the irritation of the alimentary canal. It required a still longer time to ascertain the source, but it was subsequently proved that the germs of these worms abounded in the waters of the country, and that they could not be taken with impunity unless a quantity of alum was added or the liquid boiled. By using these precautions, and especially by boiling and filtering, the disease has been almost entirely extirpated.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Isu ter scheneral around?" asked an excited Teuton, as the United States troops passed through Siatku last week in pursuit of the fleeing Bannocks. "Well, my man," said Howard, reining in his horse, "what is it?" "I am a rooin man, scheneral. Dem cursted radeskins, dey murder my poy Shacob apout five miles from here, und shteal a dozen pair of pants he vos peddlin'; new pants, right out of my shtore." "Sorry for your loss, my man, but haven't time to talk about it now. If we catch up with these demons we'll stop their deviltries." "Yes, I know, scheneral," eagerly whispered the bereaved ready-made merchant, hanging desperately to the officer's stirrup; "dot's all right; but ven you come up mit dose Indians vot got doze new pants on, for Himmel's sake, scheneral, if you blease, tole de soldiers to shoot high."

It might be called refined torture when a sweetheart visits her lover in jail and tells him what a good time she expects to have at a picnic.

Said an Irishman, in the course of an eloquent speech, "Mr. Chairman, the gals is the boys to do it."

The girl with "speaking eyes" has the advantage of the girl with a "luminous mouth."

Speaking of rude remarks, any remark is rued that gets you into trouble.

A temperance paper is opposed to a wife always meeting her husband with a smile. Isn't this fanaticism?

It having been stated that none of the boatmen can pull a sun-stroke, it is suggested that that depends upon the scull.

A Michigan woman hid her cow under the hay to keep her out of sight of the tax-collector, and a newspaper calls it a case of cowhiding by a female.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he replied: "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?"

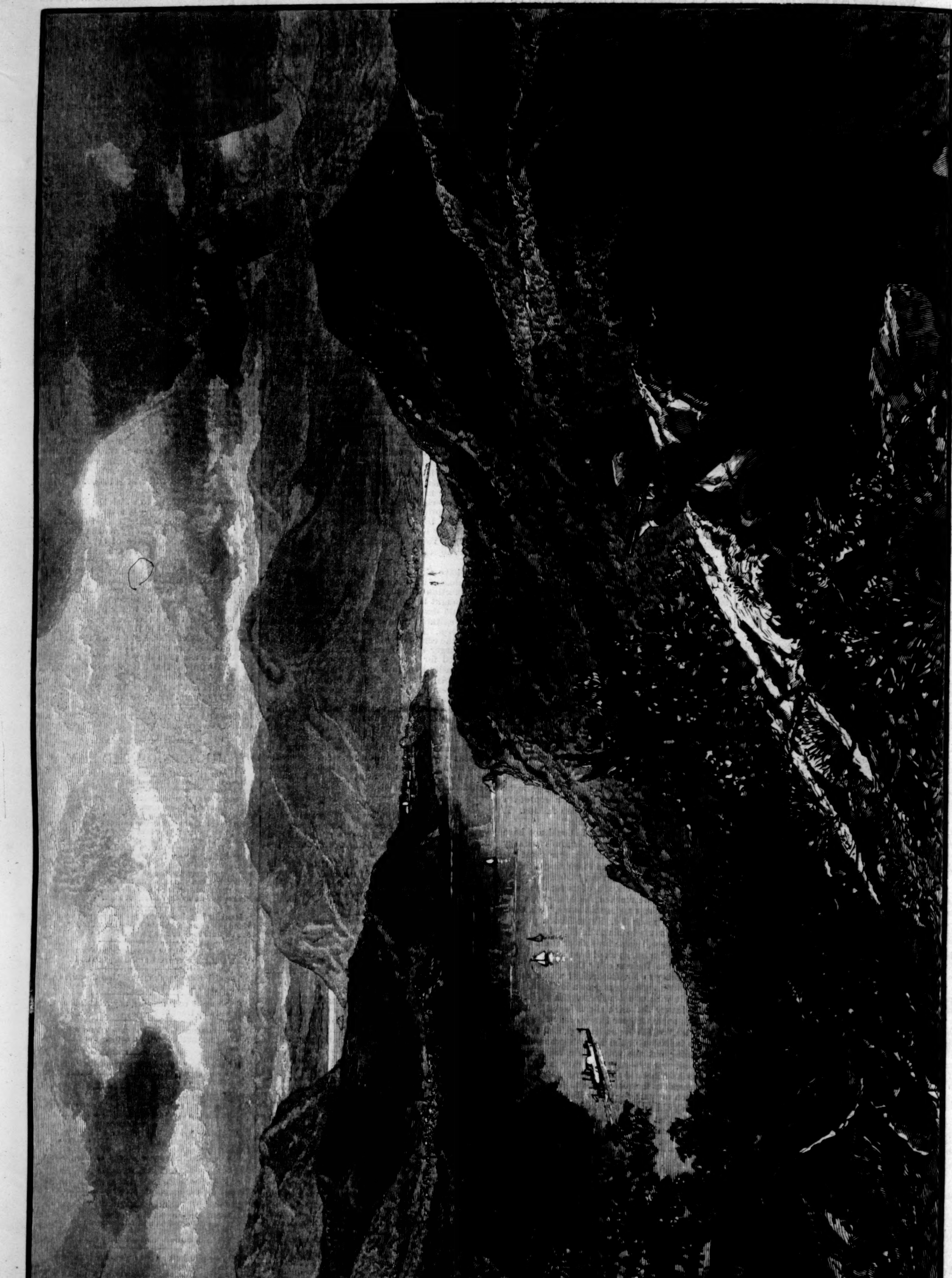
The young lady should not sing "Home, sweet Home" for the benefit of her lover too early in the evening.

Before the "o" let there appear
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight subjoin, and then
You'll find what 'tis that conquers men.—Love.

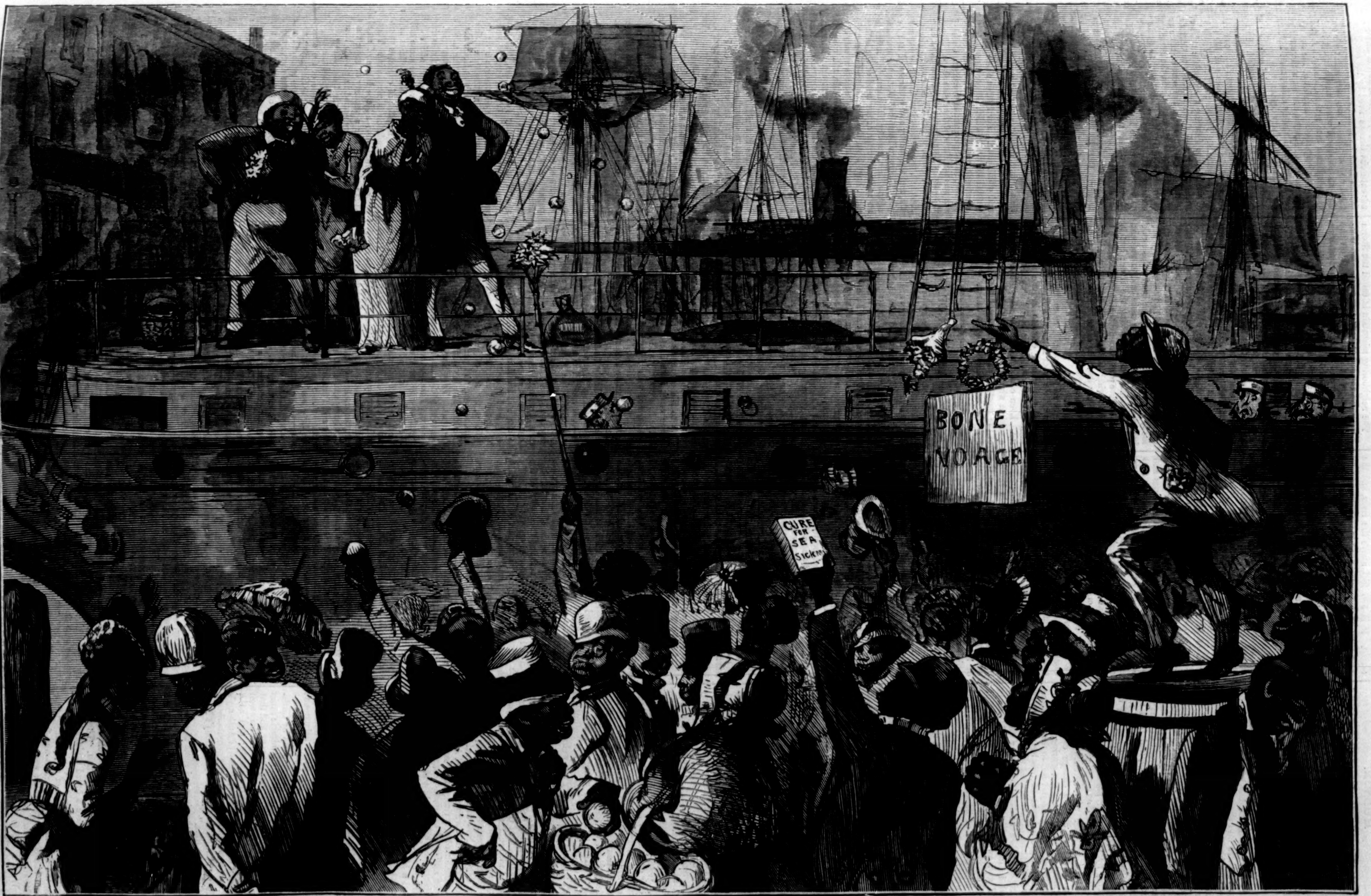
All hair-pins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit for a month, and come home and find a hair-pin near the door, and she can't wait a minute to grow red in the face.

A woman being told that some tables in the Russian department of the French Exhibition were made of malachite, exclaimed: "My goodness! I thought Malachite was one of the prophets."

Two more Friends.—Said that rather cynical journalist A to his "dear friend" B, "You look as if you had been out all night, and had to meet your wife at breakfast." Said B, mildly, in reply, "You look as if you had stopped at home all night studying your own character."



THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON, FROM ANTHONY'S NOSE, LOOKING NORTH.—DRAWN BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 714.]


BONE VOAGE
CURE FOR SEA Sickness

WEDDING TRIP OF THE BLACKVILLE TWINS—OFF FOR EUROPE.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.

"In the ever-memorable year of our Lord 1609," says the honored author of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, "on a Saturday morning, the five-and-twentieth day of March, Old Style, did that 'worthy and irrecoverable discoverer (as he has justly been called), Master Henry Hudson,' set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the *Half-Moon*, being employed by the Dutch East India Company to seek a northwest passage to China."

What Master Henry Hudson did discover, as every American school-boy learns hard upon his first ventures into the realm of historical literature, was the river that bears his name, the most beautiful and romantic of the streams that water our then unexplored American continent. The Hudson River has its most remote sources among the highest peaks of the Adirondack Mountains, 4000 feet above tide-water. Its numerous upper branches unite in the neighborhood of Fort Edward, 180 miles from the ocean, and from that point until it loses itself in the waters of New York Bay the river flows through some of the most varied and beautiful scenery in the world, passing by point after point rich in historical, legendary, and poetical associations.

To the traveller who ascends the Hudson from New York city no change can be more charming than that from the glaring walls and dusty pavements he has just left to the sparkling waves and green banks of this beautiful river. Scarcely has he passed beyond the limits of the metropolis when he is charmed by the green wooded hills of Westchester County on the one hand and awed by the frowning precipices of the Palisades on the other. For twenty miles this mighty dike of basaltic trap-rock shuts off the western sky, then suddenly disappears, and the view opens upon the rolling hills of Rockland County and the blue outlines of the distant Ramapo Mountains; while on the east bank are thriving towns and elegant country-seats in almost continuous succession. Here, too, the river widens to the dimensions of a lake, which stretches its beautiful expanse nearly to the magnificent southern portal of the Highlands; there it suddenly contracts to a channel half a mile in width, overhung by the scarred and rugged crags of the Donderberg and Anthony's Nose.

Instead of ascending the river further toward its northern source at this moment, let us rather follow the example of the artist who has given us the beautiful illustration on page 712, and locate ourselves for a while on Anthony's Nose, whence we may study the surrounding country. First, however, we must inquire why this lovely point of land possesses such a remarkable cognomen. None can tell us so well as the Knickerbocker from whom we have already quoted. From him we learn that there was among the retainers of William the Testy, when that worthy but hen-pecked Governor ruled New Amsterdam, one Anthony van Corlaer, a trumpeter, famous for his long wind. This sounder of brass was, moreover, "a lusty bachelor, with a pleasant, burly visage, a long nose, and huge whiskers." On one occasion it happened that Anthony the Trumpeter sailed in the galley of the dauntless Peter Stuyvesant up to the Highlands of the Hudson, when occurred the following marvellous incident, which we tell in Knickerbocker's own words: "And now I am going to tell a fact which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history, for nothing in it is more true. It must be known, then, that the nose of Anthony the Trumpeter was of very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened that bright and early in the morning the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at that moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all its splendor from behind a bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting behind the vessel! This huge monster being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he had tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time."

Glancing across the river and some distance to the north of this stout promontory, we see West Point, one of the most picturesque spots on the Hudson, and well known as the site of the United States Military Academy. But little of the Academy can be seen from a passing boat, the buildings being situated on a plateau elevated about 180 feet above the river. This plateau is occupied by the various barracks, schools, arsenals, etc., connected with the institution. These are so arranged as to leave a broad esplanade open for military evolutions, parades, etc.

West Point was the scene of no actual fighting during the Revolution, although it was fortified. A boom similar to that which was prepared at Fort Montgomery was stretched across the river from West Point to Constitution Island. The island was heavily fortified toward the latter part of the war, and remains of the old batteries may still be seen. Of the fortifications on the west side of the river, Fort Putnam is the most interesting. It is 596 feet above the river, and the view from its crumbling walls is exceedingly fine.

Much of the ground at this part of the Hudson is historical. On the right of our picture lies Sugar-loaf Mountain, just beyond which stands the old Beverley House, where Benedict Arnold plotted his unsuccessful act of treason. On the west side of the river, nearly opposite to Anthony's Nose, may be seen the mouth of Montgomery Creek. On the rocky heights above and below the creek stood Forts Clinton and Montgomery, which were in 1777 the principal defenses of the Hudson. Early in the autumn of that year Fort Montgomery was taken by the British. At this point there was an obstruction thrown across the Hudson River by a chain, which was made at Ringwood, New Jersey, and floated on sticks of timber. Its want of strength made it entirely useless as a defense. On the surrender of this fort the chain was taken from its moorings and put on board of some of the ships of war that were then ascending the Hudson, and which terminated their journey at Esopus, now called Kingston, which place they burned. It having been ascertained that the location now called West Point was the only site on the Hudson capable of being so fortified as to render the passage of the river impossible, it was determined by Congress, in the winter of 1778, upon the recommendation of General Washington and Governor George Clinton, to erect works and fortifications sufficiently formidable to accomplish this result. In order to carry out this project it was determined in council that a chain should immediately be made of the very best iron the country afforded, that the diameter of the links of this chain should be double that of those which were used at Fort Montgomery. On the first day of March, 1778, the Hon. Timothy Pickering, then Secretary of War, and one of the most efficient, persevering, and able men of which the country could boast, was appointed to procure the making of a chain, to be put across the Hudson at West Point, which would be able to resist any force which might be brought against it. Under these instructions Colonel Pickering waited on Mr. Peter Townshend, then living at Chester, Orange County, New York, and owner of the Stirling Iron-Works, for the purpose of obtaining his aid and influence in forging, making, and delivering this celebrated chain at West Point. Mr. Townshend, being a Whig of the Revolutionary War, entered warmly into the views of Colonel Pickering. Such was the ardor of the Whigs of those days that Colonel Pickering and Mr. Townshend left Chester in a severe snow-storm at twelve o'clock of a Saturday night, rode to the Stirling Iron-Works (a distance of fourteen miles), and on Sunday morning at daylight Mr. Townshend had all his forges and his patriotic workmen engaged in this important and arduous work. From the commencement of the making of this chain till its completion the work was prosecuted night and day without cessation. This chain was transported from the works where it was made to New Windsor in sections of ten links fastened together, and the eleventh link was left open, with holes for a bolt to unite the first of the next ten links. Each section composed one ox-team load. While the parts were being connected in the river a wooden frame-work kept it afloat. It was completed in six weeks, and weighed 180 tons. It was conveyed from New Windsor in yawls. This chain, which had been the subject of much conversation and interest from its beginning to completion, was made of fine Stirling pig-iron, by good forgemen, and the quality of the iron and of the work bestowed upon it can hardly be surpassed. There was no part of this chain made by any other person than Mr. Townshend, nor from any other than Stirling pig-iron, nor at any other place than the Stirling Iron-Works, owned by Peter Townshend.

Just beyond West Point, and on the other side of the river, lies the town of Cold Spring, noted for its iron foundry. Here, under the superintendence of Major Parrott, were cast the celebrated Parrott guns, which did such good service in the war of the rebellion. On an elevated plateau near the village is Undercliff, the country-seat of the late George P. Morris. The mountain immediately above Cold Spring is Bull Hill, or, to give its more classic name, Mount Taurus. It is 1586 feet in height. Just above this elevation, and separated from it by a valley, is Breakneck Hill, 1187 feet high. It is stated that the former of these hills was once the abode of a wild bull, which became such a source of dread to the inhabitants that they organized a hunt, and drove the animal from his accustomed haunts across the valley to the neighboring hill, where he dashed over the rocks and broke his neck. The two hills were named in honor of this adventure. Breakneck Hill was formerly distinguished by a huge mass of rock bearing a marked resemblance to a human face. This singular formation was for many years one of the sights to be looked at by every passenger up or down the river. In 1846 a party of workmen was blasting near by, under the charge of a Captain Ayers, and an unfortunate blast loosened the rock, so that St. Anthony's Face, as it was called, was forever destroyed. The promontory at the foot of Bull Hill is known as Little Stony Point.

On the west side of the river are Cro' Nest and Butter Hill. The former is the one next above West Point. It is 1418 feet high, and separated from Butter Hill by a wild and picturesque valley. The name Cro' Nest probably was at first applied to a deep rocky depression which exists near the summit, but it is now understood to mean the mountain itself. The name will recall Joseph Rodman Drake's beautiful poem "The Culprit Fay," the scene of which is laid among these hills.

The precipice which forms the river face of Cro' Nest is known as "Kidd's Plug Cliff." It owes its name to a singular projecting mass of rock which may be seen near its summit.

The neighboring mountain is called the Storm King. Its summit is 1529 feet high. Mr. Willis's cottage, "Idlewild," stands almost on the northern slope of the Storm King, and commands extensive views of the neighboring country. The cottage itself can hardly be seen from the river.

After passing Breakneck Hill, Beacon Hill may be seen to the eastward. This elevation is 1471 feet in height, and commands a prospect which has given it considerable celebrity. It was used during the Revolution as a signal station. Looking to the westward as soon as the Storm King ceases to obstruct the view, the summits of the Shawangunk (pronounced Shonggum) Mountains may be seen trending away to the northward, and almost joining the blue outline of the distant Catskills. Just at the upper entrance to the Highlands is Pollipel's Island, a rocky bit of ground to which a supernatural origin was ascribed by the Indians. In 1777 a *chevaux-de-frise*, made of logs with pointed iron heads, was sunk between the island and the main-land to prevent British ships from ascending the river; but it seems to have proved ineffectual. This island and the neighboring hills have from time to time been searched for deposits of treasures supposed to have been concealed by the almost mythical Captain Kidd.

Nearly all the points here mentioned are distinctly visible from Anthony's Nose, from which we will not wander even to include the many points of interest that lie in the immediate vicinity. Even considered historically, the Hudson is a subject which might occupy a volume, for some of the most important events of the Revolutionary War took place along its banks.

ASIA MINOR.

Asia Minor was once the land of temples and churches, the centre of religion, history, and song. But its churches and its temples are in ruins, and poetry and religion have fled from their early seat. Yet as this fair and once happy portion of the East seems about to fall under Western rule, and to submit again to the arts and the civilization it once taught to Europe, the shadow of the dead past springs up before us. We seem to see the long line of illustrious cities flourishing on its islands and well-wooded shores, its magnificent shrines crowning the birth-place of nearly every pagan god: Cyprus, where Cytherea was worshipped, whose groves and gardens of roses, fountains, Cupids, filled the fancy of Greek and Roman lyrists; Crete, the birth-place of the king of the gods, at whose nod the universe trembled—the Zeus of Greece; Samos, that claimed the renown of having borne the wife of the king, the mother of heaven; the Ephesian Diana on the upper shore; Smyrna, where the great name of Homer was honored, in perhaps his native place, like a demi-god. The coast of Asia Minor, from Ilion to Halicarnassus or Rhodes, is not so long as the coast from Boston to Philadelphia. Yet in the first century and for four centuries earlier it swarmed with cities and people. Nearly every island had its flourishing capital, and every inlet and harbor fostered some prosperous seat of trade.

It is not likely that any one of these famous cities of Asia Minor equalled New York in population, or could rival that immense commerce that now covers the Atlantic. But to maintain so great a number of sea-ports in so narrow a territory implies a commercial activity that must still seem startling. Incessant lines of ships of burden or of pleasure must have passed from city to city and island to island, and produced a succession of opulent and splendid seats of trade. Rhodes was magnificent with statues, porticoes, temples, the seat of justice; a city built with inimitable art, and perfect in all its proportions. The Rhodian laws still rule in the legislation of the seas. They first taught free trade and the rights of navigators to a common highway. Not far from Rhodes, on the Carian shore, was the populous and prosperous city of Halicarnassus. The explorations of Mr. Newton have revived the memory of this stately capital, the home of Herodotus, and one of the wonders of the world. Here on its lofty pyramid of marble the gigantic statue of King Mausolus long recorded the genius of Scopas, the useless devotion of a wife; here history was born, and that narrative style in which Irving and Prescott have chiefly excelled. A few miles farther we reach Miletus, the New York or the Liverpool of the East—a city known to Homer—whose fleets had probably penetrated the stormy Euxine or passed the Italian maelstrom before the voyage of Ulysses was published. It may have contained a population of several hundred thousand, bond and free. Here philosophy arose—Thales and Anaximander; hence Kant, Hamilton, and Hume. A few ruins spared by the wandering Mæander indicate the site of the once prosperous capital of the Ionic league. Just above Miletus, on the wonderful shore, lies the wreck of a still more famous city—splendid, rich, intelligent—the chief centre of an old and of a rising creed. England will become master of all that remains of Ephesus. Once commerce, manufactures, the quick intercourse of trade, filled this silent and marshy plain; here philosophers lectured, apostles preached; it was the capital of Asia Minor in the pagan period; the ruins of the great theatre, of porticoes and music halls, of colonnades of marble, of fountains, gardens, temples, churches, fill the fancy, and it is easy to conceive of a vast population once gathered in the graceful city, and comparing the rival worships of Diana and the Cross. Smyrna comes next to Ephesus—renowned for its wool, its trade, its magnificence, its literary taste, and the graceful temple it raised to the chief of poets; Smyrna, almost alone, still lives on its ancient seat. Magnesia and Pergamum follow. The shore was studded with smaller towns. The coast was no doubt the most populous known to history. The adventurous Greeks lived by the sea, drew their deities from its island caves and fearful depths, filled up every nook and cove with their commercial stations, and wrought the lovely landscape of Asia Minor into artistic beauty. A sail from Tarsus, along the sinuosities of the shore, to the fair haven of Lesbos, amidst a thousand glittering islands and stately cities, must have seemed the picture of a fairy dream.

The temples formed the chief ornament of the Asian cities in their classic period. In Cyprus the rich shrines of the Idalian goddess crowned the scenes of her nativity, and Paphos still shows traces of the marvellous labors of her superstitious adherents. Father Dandini, a Jesuit, is one of the first to describe the desolate ruins of the ancient city, and, from Pococke to Cesnola, the island has been made the seat of more or less perfect investigations. Crete, the home and the birth-place of Jupiter (Zeus), will no doubt yield endless treasures to the careful explorer. Smyrna was one of the finest of the Asiatic cities, its streets the widest and most regular, its buildings the stateliest, its libraries, porticoes, and circus, its Temple of Mars, its gymnasium, famous in antiquity. But the most celebrated of its public buildings was the Homerium. A portico, a temple, a statue of the poet, wrought with a taste more than Parisian, crowned the literary city; and it brings up vividly the connection of the past and present to remember that an American bard, in the maturity of his fame, passed his old age in translating Homer, and that America vies with Smyrna in its reverence for the parent of poetry and civilization. For Homer alone aroused that mental activity to which Greece owes its historical greatness, and America its steam-engine and telegraph, its religion and its freedom. Classic Ephesus was the Paris of the Asian shore. Men visited it to study its galleries of paintings, its countless statues, gems, pillars by Scopas, its pictures by Apelles, the endless beauties of its famous temple, and the luxury and opulence of its busy people. The great Temple of Diana, the most splendid of the East, "shone like a meteor," it was said by an ancient writer, at the head of the harbor. It must have been the first object that met the eye on entering the port—a lustrous square of white marble raised on the hill-side, and covered with the rarest devices of ancient art. Michael Angelo, after the labors of several centuries had proved ineffective, was intrusted with the completion of St. Peter's; Raphael died too soon to witness the perfection of the dome and the glories of the nave. But on the Temple of Diana all the great artists of Greece lavished their skill. It was 220 years in building. It was not as large as many modern churches—was 425 feet long and more than 200 in breadth. St. Paul's and St. Peter's are both larger. But many of its marble columns, the gifts each of a king, were carved by the delicate hand of Scopas—passionate lover of fame; a female artist contributed a picture of Diana; Parrhasius and Apelles, both natives of Ephesus, decorated its walls. One picture of Apelles alone was valued at $300,000, and for ages the famous temple was the gallery of sculpture and painting, the model of luxurious architecture, the art shrine, the St. Peter's of the East.

Such were the pagan temples that once looked down upon the tranquil waters of the Eastern Sea. Superstition never assumed a more graceful form than when it inspired the genius of Parrhasius or the severe hand of Phidias. But the pagan temples were at last to perish with the rich worship of song and ritual they had cultivated. Asia Minor became Christian almost with the first spread of the purer faith. Its long array of temples faded away. Within three centuries the groves of Daphne were deserted in Syria, and the shrines and porticoes of Ephesus grew silent and sad. It was as if St. Peter's at Rome should be abandoned to decay, or Notre Dame allure to its solemn nave only a few curious strangers. But Asia Minor soon became as famous for its churches as it had once been for its pagan shrines. Magnificent buildings arose over the scene of Polycarp's martyrdom or the burial-places of Luke and John. The number of churches mentioned in history or tradition is wonderful. They soon grew splendid with all the lustre of an almost pagan ritual. For a century or more the early Christians had worshipped in private houses, in secret and alone. Their first churches were plain and modest. Later they adopted the images, pictures, processions, and music of the elder faith. At Smyrna, not far from the Homerium, arose an archbishop's cathedral and the tomb of Polycarp. The cities and towns along the sacred shore, hallowed by the footsteps of the humble teachers and martyrs, seem to have been filled with new temples in their honor. But Ephesus, once the chief seat of the pagan worship, was now the holy city of the Christians. Its churches and cathedrals were famous, its Church of St. John as renowned as the Temple of Diana. It was a city of churches. One was raised to Mark, one to Luke, a *Martyrium* for Timothy; one was the Church of the Seven Sleepers. The most splendid of all was the Church of St. John, built by Justinian upon the site of an older and plainer building which he removed. Its mighty dome and nave were the resort of countless pilgrims in the Middle Ages. Behind its altar was the tomb of the apostle, where he had lain down, it was told, alive to rest until Judgment-day. The earth above his body, says Mandeville (about 1322), was often seen to move, as if some living thing were under it. The church seems soon afterward to have perished.

The churches and temples of Asia Minor lie forgotten together. The Greek race still survives in slavery amidst the ashes of its greatness. Paphos and Idalia have been seized upon by the Saxon. England has assumed the protectorate of Asia Minor, and as one of its ministers suggests, will rule it as successfully as it has ruled "the great empire of India." If its new acquisitions prove no more profitable or quiet than those in the farther East, the responsibility assumed by the English ministry is excessive. It will be a curious subject of study to the historical inquirer to see how a free nation in the West can become a despotic one in Asia; how the statesman who talks of liberty at home can in Ephesus and Delhi adopt and apply the principles of XERXES, NERO, NAPOLEON.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

BY the death of Mr. E. A. DUYCKINCK, which took place in this city on the 13th of August, the literary circles of New York lose an honored and highly esteemed member, whose name has been connected with many creditable literary enterprises. The son of a New York publisher who for many years held a prominent position in this city, Mr. DUYCKINCK, who was born in 1816, early evinced a decided taste for literary pursuits. He graduated with honor from Columbia College, where he was distinguished for his studious habits and classical attainments. A few years afterward he was associated with Mr. CORNELIUS MATTHEWS in the publication of *Arcturus*, a monthly magazine, and in 1847 started the *Literary World*, a weekly paper, which had an existence of about six years. He also edited a valuable *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, and wrote a *History of the War for the Union*, a *History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time* (1870), *Memorials of Francis L. Hawks*, and, among other compilations, edited an illustrated work entitled *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. DUYCKINCK was a man of great refinement, ripe scholarship, and extensive reading. In manner he was retiring, and, among strangers, reserved. He enjoyed the affectionate regard of a large circle of friends, who esteemed him for his excellent qualities of heart and disposition as much as they admired him for his literary culture and ability. Mr. DUYCKINCK was a member of the Episcopal communion, and was often called to offices of trust in the secular administration of that denomination. A portrait of Mr. DUYCKINCK is given on page 717.

SEA-SIDE HOMES FOR CHILDREN.

OF the many objects that force themselves on the consideration of the benevolent, perhaps none come with so powerful and touching an appeal as that which proposes in any way the amelioration of the condition of the children of the poor. That much has been done in this direction by the large-hearted among the wealthier classes is attested by the number of institutions for the destitute and infirm little ones of our cities; but the crowning act of benevolence, the most beautiful charity yet accomplished, has been the establishment of the various Sea-side Homes now flourishing within a few miles of New York. In our city institutions, in which thousands of children are annually cared for, they must necessarily be subject to rigid discipline, cramped for space, and checked in their natural exuberance of spirits, till the bloom and beauty of childhood are dissipated; but in these delightful Homes, beyond a few sensible rules, they are as happy and free as the wild gulls that dip their wings into the sea.

These Sea-side Homes, or Sanitariums, to which our illustration on page 716 refers, are large, airy, frame buildings, with wide-open doors and windows, broad upper and lower piazzas, spacious dining-halls, dormitories, and rooms set apart for invalids; these are not only furnished with the necessaries, but with many of the luxuries of life, in the way of prettily dressed spring beds and cots, mirrors, screens, and rocking-chairs in abundance; hanging baskets of flowers and running vines suspended from the arches of the piazzas sway in the ocean breezes, to the infinite delight of the little folks, while the sweet notes of an organ or melodeon at even-tide fill up the measure of the day's delights. Each Monday morning from the middle of June to the middle of September sees a little caravan from the city, 100 or 150 strong, halting for rest and refreshment at this fair oasis in the desert of their lives—mothers, babes, and children all receive a hospitable welcome. Some come from the industrial schools, others from charitable institutions, but the majority from the close, malarial tenement-houses of the city. Many of the little ones, especially the younger babes, are almost in a dying condition; their mothers have tried this as a "forlorn hope." These immediately receive the kindly and skillful attention of the resident or visiting physician; the mothers also are instructed how to care for them properly—lessons of use in after-time, and these are not the only lessons. After their breakfast the mothers put the dormitories and halls in order, and then—hurrah for the sea bath! All is commotion and excitement; the children fairly dance up and down the sands and on the piazzas with glee; and soon, clad in all sorts of gowns and colors, mothers, children, doctors, and superintendents are filing down to the beach, while high above the roar of old ocean is heard the din of merry laughter and shrieks of delight as they plunge into or retreat from the foamy breakers that come rushing shoreward. Here for one beautiful week the mothers and children, so long pent up in a world of brick and mortar, face to face with nature, become acquainted with its beauties. On the way to the Home they have looked upon endless fields and woods clothed in the living green of summer; from the broad piazzas by the sea they have watched the sunset fires flame and fade in the gray of twilight; they have seen the first pale planet of evening brighten till the deepening blue was strown with myriad stars; they have learned of the power and beauty of the ocean. Woods and waves, stars and sunset glories, are no longer myths of the imagination, but beautiful living realities. And who shall say that this buoyancy of mind, brought about by communion with Nature, does not tend to heal the body? Coming in contact with persons of superior class and fortune, who have listened with kindly interest to the humble story of their lives, they have found that though riches often harden the heart, among the rich many are but God's almoners, and use the wealth He has given them to aid those who have it not. The rich, also, have learned something from the poor—lessons of humility, patience, and tenderness. In the presence of the grand, wide, open, generous sea, class distinctions seem for the time to melt away; the rich and poor meet on a more equal footing; each learns something of the other's worth: the poor cease to think ill of the rich, the rich think better of the poor.

It is eight o'clock in the evening; the lamps are lighted within the dormitory; piping voices are drowsily singing the last lines of the evening hymn; the notes of the organ softly die away, and in a few minutes the little ones, tired with play, are in bed. Walk with me down the long aisles between the hundred snowy beds, see the tangled tresses, the locks of gold and curls of brown tossed back from flushed cheeks and baby brows—there is a sight to melt the hardest heart, to loosen the tightest purse strings. Let us enlarge the number and size of our Sea-side Homes.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 8.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 22.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 29.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity; St. Michael and All Angels.

GERMANY and Rome are making earnest efforts to establish a truce. Agreement in principle between them is impossible. Both parties are, however, tired of a conflict which in its present shape promises to be unending. Prince BISMARCK and Monsignor MASELLA, the Nuncio to Bavaria, have therefore met at Kissingen, and are discussing the terms of settlement. According to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard*, the Pope's demands are "a thorough modification of the FALK laws, the abolition of the statute which exiles Jesuits from the empire, the re-instatement of the bishops who have been removed by the royal ecclesiastical court from their bishoprics, and a proviso that Roman priests shall not be required in future to acquaint the chief presidents of their respective provinces with their appointment." This is asking Germany to surrender all, which Germany assuredly will not do. Had Cardinal FRANCHI lived, it is thought that a compromise would have been practicable, for he was known to be a dextrous diplomatist. The temper of his successor, Cardinal NINA, is not so well understood.

Some kind of a reconciliation is desired even by German ultramontanes. "We have the conviction," says the *Germania*, "that the sacred pontiff in this provisional settlement of the trouble will do no violence to our conscience or his own claims." A Cologne Church organ writes: "If in spite of any attainable reconciliation on the basis of principle, the way of peace can still be opened, Catholics will gladly welcome it." On the other hand, the results of the recent elections in Germany incline Prince BISMARCK to come to terms. The Liberals are unfriendly to his military policy, and also desire Parliamentary control of taxation. Though not a majority of the Reichstag, they are formidable, their number being 144. The Conservative votes, though more numerous now than heretofore, have not increased enough to deprive the Liberals of a controlling influence in the Parliament. The late elections almost annihilated the Socialist representation, although the party polled a large vote.

Another step forward in the complete pacification of the country has been made by the re-establishment of fraternal relations between the Lutheran General Synod of the United States and the Lutheran General Synod South. The negotiations have been going on for nine years, but a troublesome impediment was found in harsh words used during the late war. At the meeting of the Southern Synod in Newberry this year a fraternal delegate to the Northern body was appointed, and the delegate from the North was recognized. As to other denominations, the New York *Observer* looks forward to something more than fraternity for American Presbyterians; it hopes for union. "It is impossible," says this paper, "to give any satisfactory reason why all the eight or ten Presbyterian bodies in this country should not be organically united and fused into one for all purposes of church government and missionary work at home and abroad."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its sixty-ninth annual meeting in Milwaukee October 1. The place of assembly designated is the Immanuel Presbyterian Church.

The death is announced, in London, of Dr. ABRAHAM BENISCH, the first Jewish translator into English of the Hebrew Scriptures. He was educated at the University of Vienna, but lived many years in England. He was also the author of a *Life of Maimonides*, and one of the founders of the English Society of Hebrew Literature.

After the Lambeth Conference of bishops adjourned, a meeting was held at Farnham Castle, the home of the Bishop of Winchester, of the friends of the Old Catholic movement. Many of the bishops, clergy, and laymen of the state Church, and several of the American bishops, were present, as also were Bishop HERZOG, of Switzerland, and Father HYACINTHE. Bishop HERZOG gave a very interesting account of the progress of Old Catholicism in Switzerland, and stated that English support had been very helpful. A resolution was adopted requesting the bishop "to accept the offer made by British and American brethren of aid for theological students at Berne." A resolution was also adopted offering the aid of the Anglo-Continental Society to Father HYACINTHE, and another proposing to take advantage of the present state of affairs in the East to come to a better understanding with the Armenian and other Oriental Churches.

Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, who is now in England, has been the recipient of unusual attentions there. A party of five hundred persons assembled to meet him in the College Gardens of Westminster Abbey, among whom were Mr. WELSH (the American minister), Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, Canon DUCKWORTH, Dean STANLEY, and other distinguished persons. Mr. WELSH made an address, and Mr. GOUGH'S reply to the many welcomes was full of pith and humor.

In the sketches of the life of the late Cardinal FRANCHI too little notice has been taken of the fact that he was as distinctly a secular man as his predecessor ANTONELLI. "It is quite possible," according to one account of him, "that he never performed any of the spiritual duties which are the special function of the spiritual state." He never had a diocese, nor did he ever teach theology. He was the outgrowth of that peculiarity of the Church of Rome by which it is a state as well as a Church. His work was, throughout his public life, secular. Promoted by Cardinal LAMBRUSCHINI, he was for years a secretary in the Pope's Foreign Office, then Nuncio to Spain, then Secretary of State for ecclesiastical affairs. All his training was that of a politician, all his life the life of a man of the world. He had the urbanity and fascination of manner which often make the fortunes of diplomatists. Yet all this may but suggest the question whether to put a priestly gown on one who has no interest in the cure of souls, and is as much of a politician as BISMARCK or DISRAELI, harmonizes with Christ's declaration, "My kingdom is not of this world."

A great national temperance meeting is projected to be held at Bismarck, Kansas, from August 30 to September 9. Preparations are making for the reception of many thousand visitors. Among the persons announced to be present are President HAYES, NEAL DOW, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Bishop SIMPSON, and FRANCIS MURPHY.

Singular juxtapositions sometimes occur. In the *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, of August 14, is a letter from its corresponding editor, who is a resident of California, on the troublesome Chinese question. He thinks that "it will be an exciting one at Washington next winter. It will be troublesome for the political parties to manage. The more I study it," writes the editor, "the less certain I am as to what should be done. The danger of such an increase of Chinamen that we shall not be able to control them is remote. But even now they are a disturbing element, and their presence keeps up an unhealthy excitement." In the adjoining column of the *Herald and Presbyter* is an account, from the stated clerk of the Presbyterian Synod of China, of the Synod's annual meeting in Hangchow. The foreign members of the body were invited to the house of Woo, a wealthy banker of that city. They were most cordially received there, and the stated clerk's description of the Chinese interior is quite enthusiastic. "We passed through spacious halls," he tells us, "and winding passages hung with curious lanterns, among pillars and wood-work adorned with the most costly carving, and finally into the very court of the harem itself, where, gazing from the verandas of their several apartments, we saw numbers of the wives, as eager to get a view of the foreigners as were the foreigners to witness what is granted to but few of the barbarian world to look upon. We sat down with Mr. Woo to a cup of tea," etc., etc. Mr. Woo certainly appears to great advantage in this juxtaposition. The Synod passed a resolution condemning the foot-binding of women, but the Chinese banker was courteous to its members notwithstanding this attack on the customs of his country.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE prevalence of yellow fever in several Southern cities, and the occurrence at this time of writing of a single case in New York city, awaken deep interest, even at the North, in the history and peculiarities of this disease. In fact, medical opinions do not wholly agree in regard to its origin, characteristics, treatment, and propagation. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, has recently issued a circular letter to the medical officers of his department; and as his theory in regard to the means by which yellow fever is disseminated will attract much attention, we quote somewhat at length from the document for the benefit of our readers:

"The weight of scientific evidence seems to warrant the conclusion that yellow fever is produced by an invisible poison, capable of self-multiplication outside of the human organism, which it enters through the air passages. The poison germ, or miasm, is a product of the tropics.....But the disease has never shown a disposition to spread epidemically at points remote from the continuous water roads of commerce, or to lodge in high, salubrious places. The cities of the Great Lakes have always been free from it.

"Yellow fever can not be said to be endemic in the United States, from the fact that in some years it does not appear, though the imported germ undoubtedly survives the mild winters. It appears to have about as much resistance of cold as the banana plant. When the banana stock is killed down by the frost, the yellow fever does not recur until again imported. The germ is transmissible. It is capable of being transported in the clothing, in the personal effects, of passengers and sailors; but its spread from one city to another is chiefly accomplished by vessels, their damp filthy holds and bilge-water being its favorite lurking-places. Confinement, moisture, and high temperature favor the multiplication or virulence of the poison. When a wharf, or spot of ground, or a house, becomes infected, the poison at once commences to spread, creeping slowly in all possible directions, continually enlarging the area around the centre of infection, unless checked by disinfection, as has undoubtedly been done by the use of carbolic acid in New Orleans in former outbreaks.

"Yellow fever is not communicated from the sick to the well, the sick and well being dangerous only as possible carriers of the poison germ or miasm....All well persons whose effects have been disinfected may be considered harmless after six or seven days have elapsed from the time of leaving an infected district or vessel, as the period of incubation of the disease lasts from two to six days. This simplifies the question of quarantine—absolute land quarantines being deemed impracticable—and indicates the direction of preventive measures to the vessel, cargo, or the locality, if the poison has found lodgment on shore. A vessel may escape infection if kept clean and dry, and all parts capable of being closed are frequently subjected to the fumes of burning sulphur, and the men employed on board are compelled to bathe and change their flannels daily, and are not allowed to sleep on deck or in the hold of the vessel."

During a recent thunder-storm a powder magazine in the suburbs of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, was struck by lightning, and a terrible explosion followed. There were over one thousand kegs of powder stored in the building, which was completely demolished. Three persons were killed and several injured.

Hoedel, who attempted to assassinate the Emperor William last May, was beheaded in the court-yard of the new prison in Berlin on August 16. The reluctance of the Emperor to permit the execution was overcome with difficulty, and it was not until August 8 that the imperial decree was signed commanding the carrying out of the sentence of the court. Hoedel was informed of his fate only a short time previous to the time fixed for the execution, and at first received the announcement stolidly, but afterward exhibited much agitation. It was difficult, it is said, to find an executioner, but at last a respectable butcher of Berlin performed the unwelcome task. On the scaffold Hoedel exhibited much bravado and repulsed the ministrations of the chaplain, declaring that it would take years to convert him.

In San Francisco ladies have need of seal-skin sacques all the year round. The sea-breezes which sweep through the Golden Gate make one shiver even in summer, and city residents go into the country—to the Napa Valley or to beautiful San José—to find a comfortably warm spot.

Mud baths are considered an efficacious remedy for rheumatism, and the Emperor William is taking them at Töplitz.

Narragansett Pier has one of the finest beaches on the coast. It is within five minutes' walk of the principal hotels and boarding-house, so that it is always accessible. It is several miles in extent; the sand is pure and white, and so hard that a drive upon it is full of keen enjoyment. The "Rocks" are another most attractive feature of Narragansett. There is no finer spot from which to watch the restless ocean than upon the massive bowlder known as "Indian Rock."

Grenada, Mississippi, was in no condition to resist the inroads of any malarial disease, if reports are true. The sudden outbeak of yellow fever there, and its malignant type, are said to be due to the unwholesome condition of the town. The main sewer, which leads entirely through the town to the river, caved in not long ago. In order to repair it, the sewer was uncovered for some distance, and examination proved that it contained numerous carcasses of dogs, cats, and rats. The sun beating down upon these remains thoroughly polluted the atmosphere, and within a short time afterward the plague broke out violently.

A terrible fate was that of Mr. John Hilliard, a resident of Jersey City. While on his way home one evening, after bidding some friends a cheerful good-night, he probably slipped from the ill-paved sidewalk down an embankment into a treacherous swamp. Cries for help were heard, and searching in the darkness, his dead body was found sunk in a little more than a foot of red clay mud. He must have fallen head downward, and remained helpless in the mud until strangled. The walk across this swamp must have been most hazardous to admit of such an accident.

Numerous suggestions are constantly being made to remedy the noise on the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad. One of the latest is called the "sectional elastic wheel." It has been tried, it is said, on railroad cars and other vehicles with satisfactory results.

The elements seem to carry unusual destruction in their path this season. Austin, Nevada, was recently flooded by the "bursting of a cloud" over it, and much property destroyed. Austin is the county-seat of Lander County, and is situated on the eastern slope of the Toyabe range of mountains.

Concerts at Battery Park, for the pleasure of the dwellers in down-town wards, have lately been given once a week through the liberality of the proprietor of Crook's Hotel, and evidently afford great enjoyment to listeners.

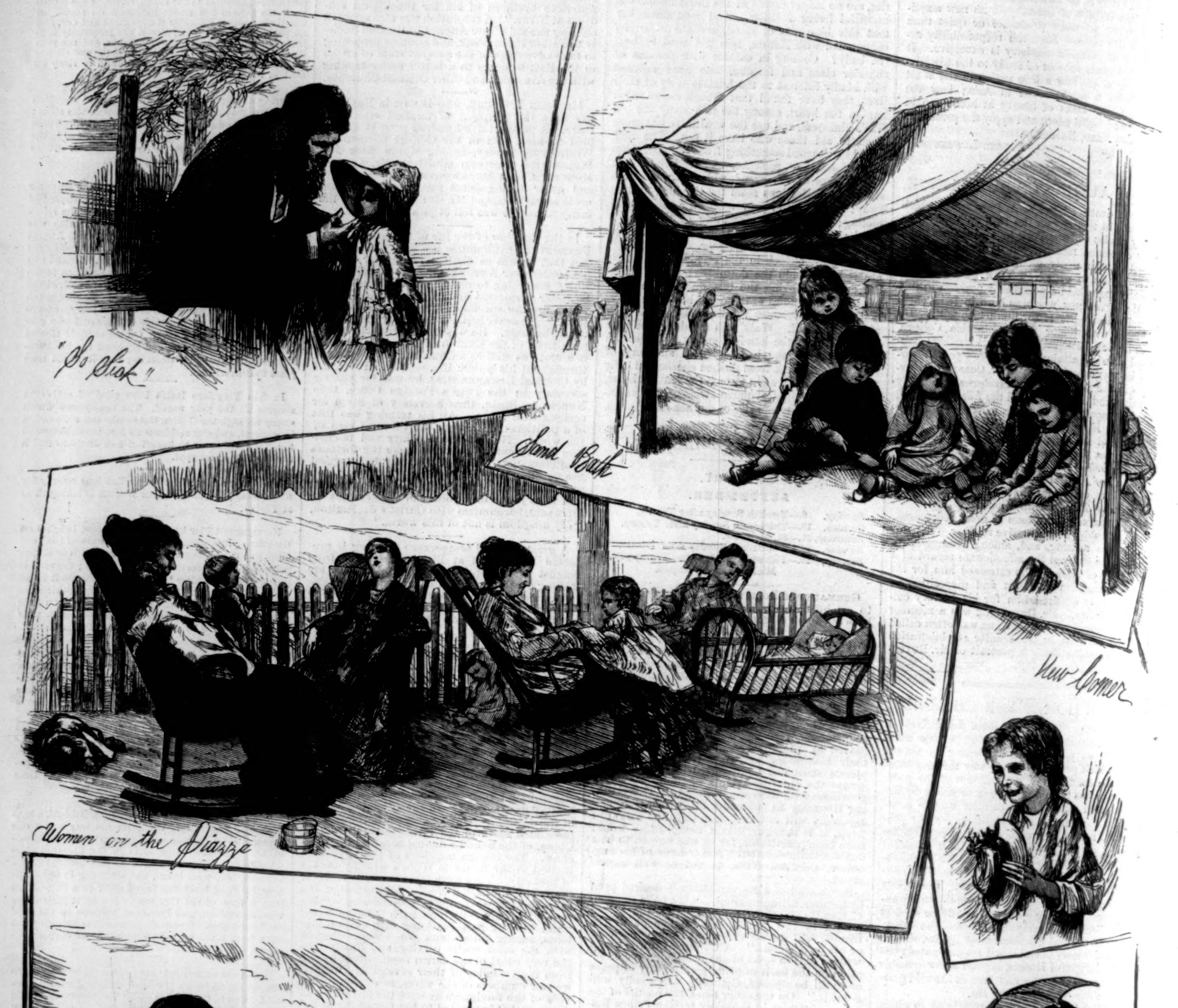
Mount Katahdin, which is 163 miles distant from Mount Washington, can be seen from the summit of the latter peak. This has been a disputed point, but observers have recently established the fact.

Residents and pleasure-seekers along the Long Island shore and on adjacent islands complain, and with good reason, of the garbage which is cast up on the beaches. Is there no remedy for this yearly recurring nuisance?

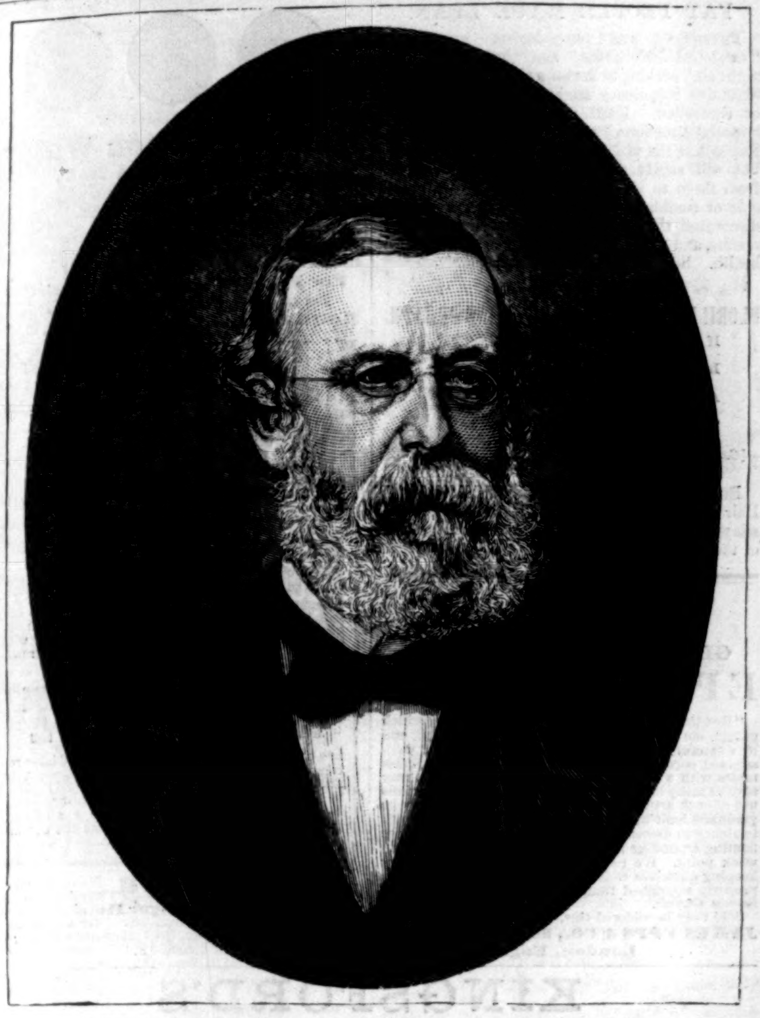
On August 20 the following sad report was received by the Howard Association of Memphis from its representatives at Grenada:

"The epidemic, considering the size of the town, appears to be the most malignant and fatal that has ever been known in the country; and this after only nine days. The fever is unabated and unchecked. The great want is for nurses and money to pay them. There have been persons here sick for long periods without a single attendant. At present the contributions amount to not more than one-half of what seems to be necessary. The funds are certainly managed by the Relief Committee with a rigorous economy and wise judgment. We hope the liberal and generous contributions made up to this time will not cease. The appeal to the charitable has no equal in the sad history of this disease."

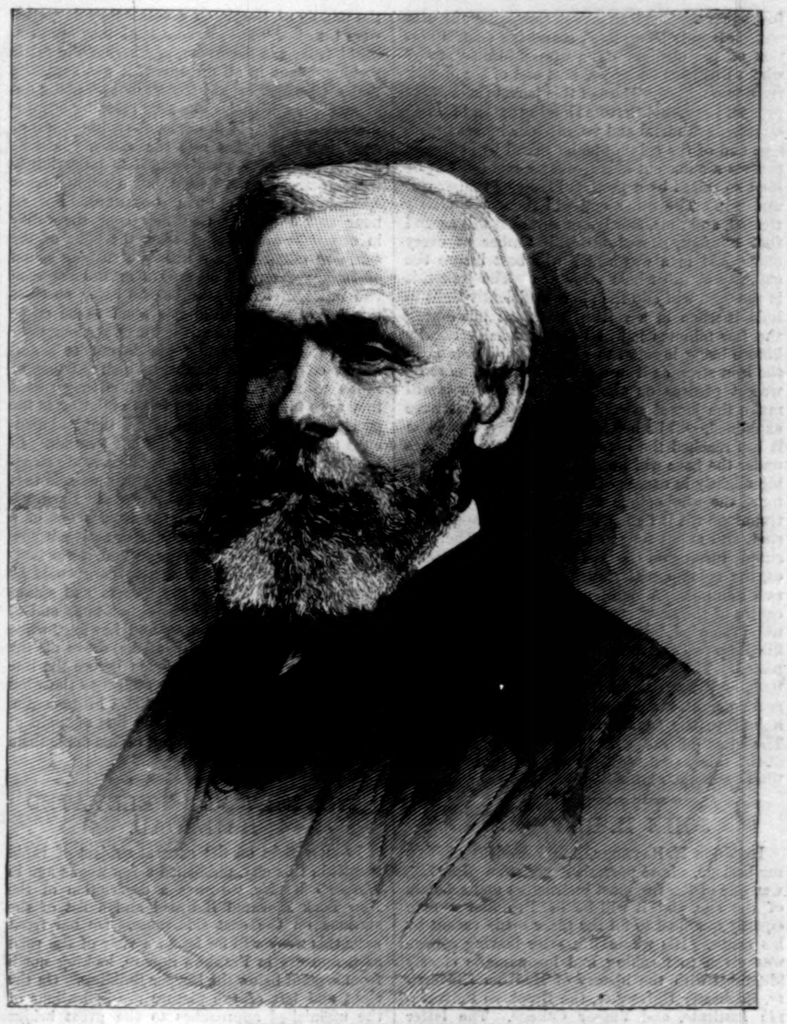
At this date the total number of deaths in Grenada was over seventy, and of all the cases developed—about two hundred in all—none had given symptoms of improving. About seventy-five white residents remained in the city, kept there by sympathy with sick friends, so that they would not leave, even though their longing for life were ever so strong. In New Orleans at the same date the fever was still raging, the total number of cases being over one thousand, and the deaths being about one hundred and sixty. At Memphis, also, and at Vicksburg, Mississippi, the disease was increasing and causing great distress. From New York and from many other cities sympathetic and helpful responses have been sent to the afflicted cities.


"So Sick"
Sand Bath
New Comer
Women on the Piazza
Bathing Hour

SEA-SIDE HOMES FOR CHILDREN.—Drawn by Jessie Curtis.—[See Page 715.]



JOHN H. RAYMOND, LL. D., LATE PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.
Photographed by G. W. Pach.—[See Page 718.]

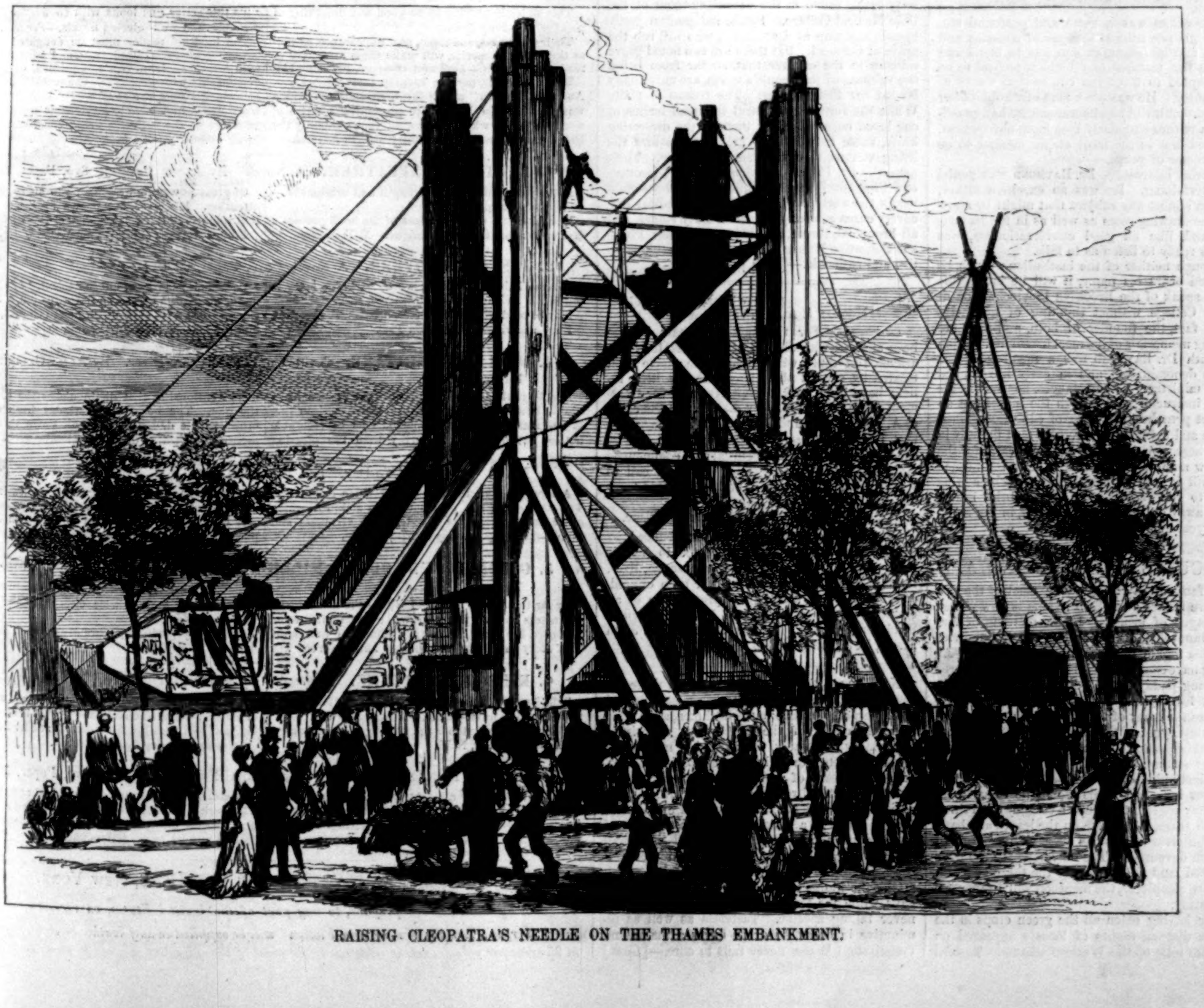


EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.
Photographed by R. A. Lewis.—[See Page 715.]

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

The Egyptian obelisk called by this name, which Mr. **John Dixon**, civil engineer, has removed from Alexandria to be erected in London, at the cost of a munificent individual benefactor of the public, Mr. **Erasmus Wilson**, the eminent surgeon, is now visible to all passers-by on the Thames Embankment, and will soon be reared aloft upon its pedestal, at the river-side steps opposite Adelphi Terrace. It still rests in a horizontal position, but stripped of the iron-plate casing that formed the vessel in which its adventurous voyage was performed, upon a solid timber frame-work over the granite base, sixteen feet square and six feet high, but rising only four feet above the level of the Embankment, supporting the pedestal and the two plinths at the sides. The preparations for lifting the obelisk to the required height, then depressing one end so as to render it perpendicular, and finally planting its lower end upon the pedestal, have already begun.

The plan for raising may be here described. The column will be fitted with a powerful iron jacket as near the centre of gravity as is wanted; and this jacket has two massive iron trunnions, just like the trunnions of a great gun. These trunnions will rest on two wrought-iron girders of great strength, and the whole will then resemble a monster cannon on a slide without wheels. Each of the four main uprights of the staging consists of six sticks of timber, each one



RAISING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

foot square. The iron jacket, consisting of plates and girders, is being fixed round the central portion of the obelisk. The wrought-iron "strap" which will pass under the butt end of the obelisk from two opposite sides of this jacket (in order to prevent the monolith from slipping out) is of three-quarter-inch metal and twenty-four inches broad. One end of the column being raised by hydraulic presses a sufficient height—say a foot—it will be kept so raised by a powerful balk of timber slid under it. The other end will then be similarly treated, and thus, slowly but surely, it will ascend foot by foot, shored up with timber at every stage, laid in a way which will best insure the stability of the whole structure. The jacket, it is thought, will clip the stone sufficiently tight to hold it when in a vertical position; but during the few minutes it will be suspended vertically before being lowered to its base, it will stand in the iron strap as if in a stirrup, and the more its weight presses on the strap the tighter it will make the jacket grip. The column, as we have explained, will be hoisted horizontally, but when it has reached the required height, the supports under the base will be removed, and the base being slightly in excess of the rest (two and a half tons), the whole stone will slowly revolve on the trunnions till it hangs direct over its appointed spot, and about four inches above it. Then, by simply turning on the taps of the hydraulic presses, the column will sink into its base in about two minutes. A small gap will be left in the centre of the base, so as to enable the iron band to be removed, but when this is done, and the gap filled up with granite blocks, all will be completed. The weight of the column is about 200 tons, and the pedestal and plinths are about the same weight, making a pressure of one ton and a half to the square foot on the foundations. The apex of the stone, when erected, will be about thirty feet higher than the upright main timbers of the scaffolding.

JOHN H. RAYMOND.

DR. JOHN H. RAYMOND, late President of Vassar College, whose portrait is given on page 717, was one of the foremost instructors and scholars of the age, and it will be hard to find a man equally qualified to fill the place made vacant by his death. His whole life after leaving college was given to teaching, and his name is closely identified with the history of Madison University, Rochester University, the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and Vassar College. The latter two were organized under his own superintendence, and owe their character and success almost wholly to his administrative ability and unremitting devotion to their interests. In addition to a clear perception of the requirements of educational institutions, he possessed a rare faculty for work, and the tact to keep his associates up to the same high standard of activity, without being an exacting or stern disciplinarian. His example was contagious, and the moral and intellectual influence of his life and character was felt as a strong force by all who came in contact with him.

Dr. RAYMOND was a close and profound student of the educational systems of America and Europe, and his constant aim was to blend and combine the features of all which seemed to be best adapted to meet the educational wants of this country. He was not a man of "hobbies" of any kind. A broad and liberal culture had rounded out a nature singularly free from narrowness, and fitted him in the most ample manner to be an instructor of youth.

In social intercourse Dr. RAYMOND was genial and entertaining. He was an excellent talker, ready on almost any subject that might be started in the drawing-room as well as in the lecture-room, and, like all good conversationists, was quite as ready to listen as to talk.

Although neither of the institutions which he organized bears his name, it will be impossible ever to speak of the Brooklyn Polytechnic or of Vassar College without thinking of him. He was, in fact, the founder of both, and they are enduring memorials of his most useful life. From his youth Dr. RAYMOND was a member of the Baptist denomination, and in early life studied for the ministry. Circumstances, however, made him an instructor, and though the pulpit lost an eloquent preacher, the cause of education gained an able and earnest worker. He died literally in the harness. Although in delicate health for the past few months, he refused to take the needed rest until it was too late. A few weeks ago he began to fail rapidly, and after a brief illness passed away on the 14th of August, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

LOCUSTS IN SOUTH INDIA.

THE famine is virtually over; most of the rice crops are reaped; but South India is now visited by a plague of locusts. In the districts of Madura, Tinnevelly, Mysore, and on the Neilgherries enormous flights of locusts have appeared. As yet they have confined their ravages to the pastures and young paddy. According to an Arabian legend, a locust said to the Prophet MOHAMMED, "We are the army of the great God; we produce ninety-nine eggs; if the hundred were completed, we should consume the whole earth;" and as they require less than one month to deposit and hatch their ninety-nine eggs, what an utter wilderness the most luxuriant lands would be reduced to, when they are said to occupy a country from three to seven years, and to live on the leaves and bark of the bitterest trees when every thing else green has been devoured! The only hope for the poor distressed land is that before the three or seven years are completed, the monsoon will destroy the whole army.

After having eaten all the green crops in the Madura district, flights of locusts appeared on the grass hills of the Western Ghauts. Toward the middle of March, on a still, sultry day, cries were heard of "They are coming! they are coming!" from the herdsmen, and seeing the cattle rushing about in all directions, it was supposed that a tiger had caught a cow; but on going out of doors, a thick mist was seen creeping up over the grass hills. It fluttered down like a fall of snow in silver flakes into the valley. Millions and millions of locusts seemed to be trying to force their way northward, but a slight breeze springing up drove them southward. For an hour and a quarter they flew over the valley in countless numbers, clouding the light of the sun, and filling the air with the rushing sound of falling water. This swarm must have been two miles in length, the locusts flying so close together that there did not seem to be space enough for them to use their wings. Along their course the whole ground was turned to a dull brown color by the numbers which fell out of ranks to rest on the way. While they rested they were far from idle, but fell to hunting in the parched grass for any green blades that had managed to keep alive during the hot weather. In the first sketch on page 708 the locusts are struggling with each other for any green morsels that can be found in the centre of the tufts. In sketch No. 2 coolies are driving the locusts out of a coffee plantation with tom-toms, or native drums, and sticks. The coffee being in bud, it was feared that, should the flight settle, there would be little chance of any of the flowers and spikes escaping. The noise of seven tom-toms and of about fifty coolies shouting and howling, while they beat the bushes with sticks, drove off the stragglers, which rose in clouds before the line of men, and joined the great swarm as the wind drifted it southward over the hills. Firing a gun, loaded with fine sand, into the line of flight of the locusts, killed hundreds, and often made them change their course.

THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

IN an article on the general subject of rapid transit in this city, published a few weeks ago in *Harper's Weekly*, we gave a description of the New York Elevated Railroad and a list of the stations on the east side route. On our front page this week will be found a view of the road as it appears in Franklin Square, looking north from a point below the Harper Building. On the right and left of the picture are indications of the unfinished approaches to the great bridge which is to connect the cities of New York and Brooklyn; and in the distance the railroad tracks disappear in Chatham Square. Our sketch shows the appearance of the elegant cars, which have been especially designed for this road, and also a view of the Hanover Square Station.

TWO NOTED GRAVE ROBBERS.

OUR readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of the Hon. SCOTT HARRISON, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College. Public indignation justly brands any man as a scoundrel who will rob the grave of the dead. But there are two noted grave robbers in the country that, so far from being the subjects of the people's wrath, are universally lauded for their virtues. The reason is plain. While the former class steal the dead bodies of our loved ones to submit them to the dissecting knife, these only rob the graves to restore the living victims to our hearts and homes. Their names—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets—are household words the world over. The Golden Medical Discovery cures consumption, in its early stages, and all bronchial, throat, and lung affections; Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the most valuable laxative and cathartic.—[*Com.*]

NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1878.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—For the past two years I have been afflicted with disease of the prostate gland, attended at times with intense pain; have been treated by several physicians, with but little relief; have been in Roosevelt Hospital for treatment there. I was told my disease was the same as A. T. STEWART's and Commodore VANDERBILT's; that I might get some relief, but could not be cured. On the 2d of February I commenced taking "Constitution Water;" to-day I call to say to you that I am well, and tender this testimonial.

E. H. MORTON,
165 Waverley Place.

Constitution Water has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For sale by all druggists. Send for Circular. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

NINETY-NINE times out of a hundred those obscure complaints which make life miserable and are a perpetual puzzle to medical men, arise from sluggish action of the kidneys, or deposit in the urinary machinery. Neglected or maltreated gravel, diabetes, or Bright's disease is induced, and, after years of suffering, nature succumbs, and accelerated by the common treatment the patient dies. Science has discovered in "Constitution Water" a resolvent and alterative of tremendous power, which, exhibited in small doses, effectually relieves the system from all those incipient germs of lasting disease which attack the kidneys, bladder, and reproductive organs, while for female irregularities it proves a never failing specific. Tasteless as well as diminutive in doses, 40 drops being a maximum, Constitution Water never fails to cure.—[*Com.*]

FAT PEOPLE MADE LEAN.

PHYSICIANS and physiologists have long "scratched their heads" and "burned the midnight oil," seeking to devise some means whereby excessive corpulency might be either prevented or controlled. Until recently all "theories," "special directions," and "remedies" have failed. But at last the problem is solved. Allan's Anti-Fat will surely and positively reduce flesh at from three to six pounds per week. No medicine or combination of medicines has ever been discovered that would produce such wonderful results, and at the same time improve the general health. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

FLORILINE—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
  It keeps them so intact;
If they're discolored in the least,
  It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
  Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
  Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

—[*Com.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair.—[*Com.*]

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

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Constitution Water,
THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
STONE IN THE BLADDER,
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DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GIRLHOOD

Preserve the beauty of the teeth with **SOZODONT**, and then, when the hair is silvered and the eyes dimmed with years, the mouth will still reveal two glittering rows of unsullied ivory.

SOZODONT

Is a wholesome Botanical preparation and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It removes discolorations, imparts a glittering whiteness to the enamel, and renders the decomposition of the teeth impossible.

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May be ranked among the best of the more modern novels that have attempted to depict American life. It has many strong recommendations to favorable notice, but none more worthy than the pleasing unconventionality that distinguishes the conduct of the plot. The book is remarkably fresh and vigorous, with a delightful open-air flavor throughout. —*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

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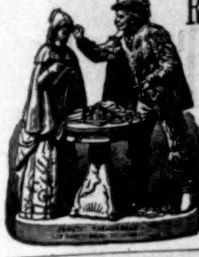

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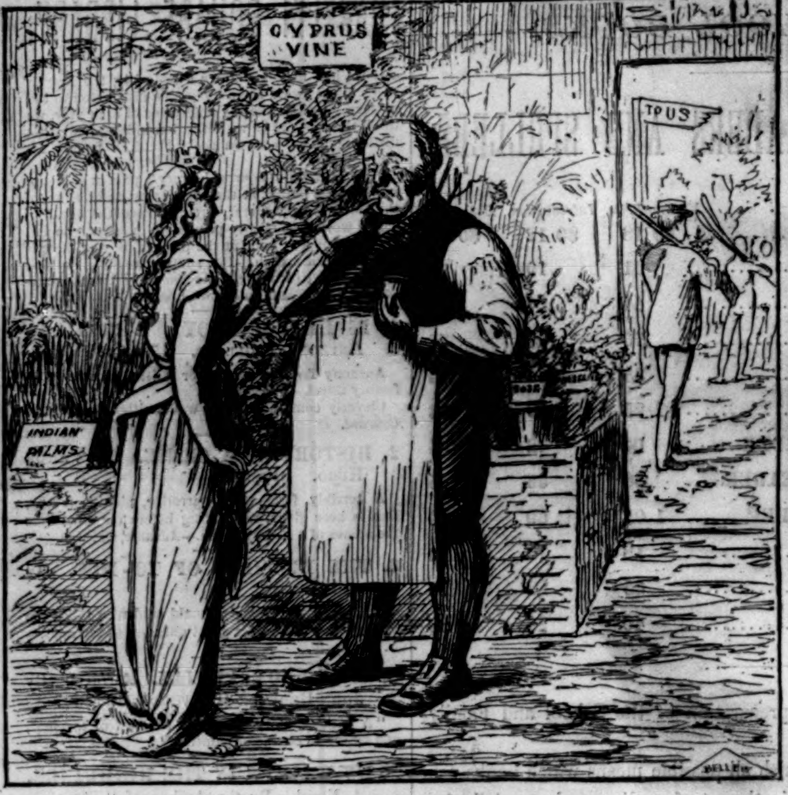

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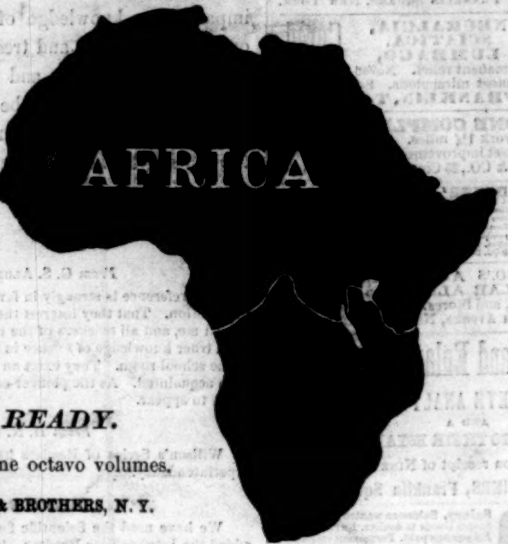

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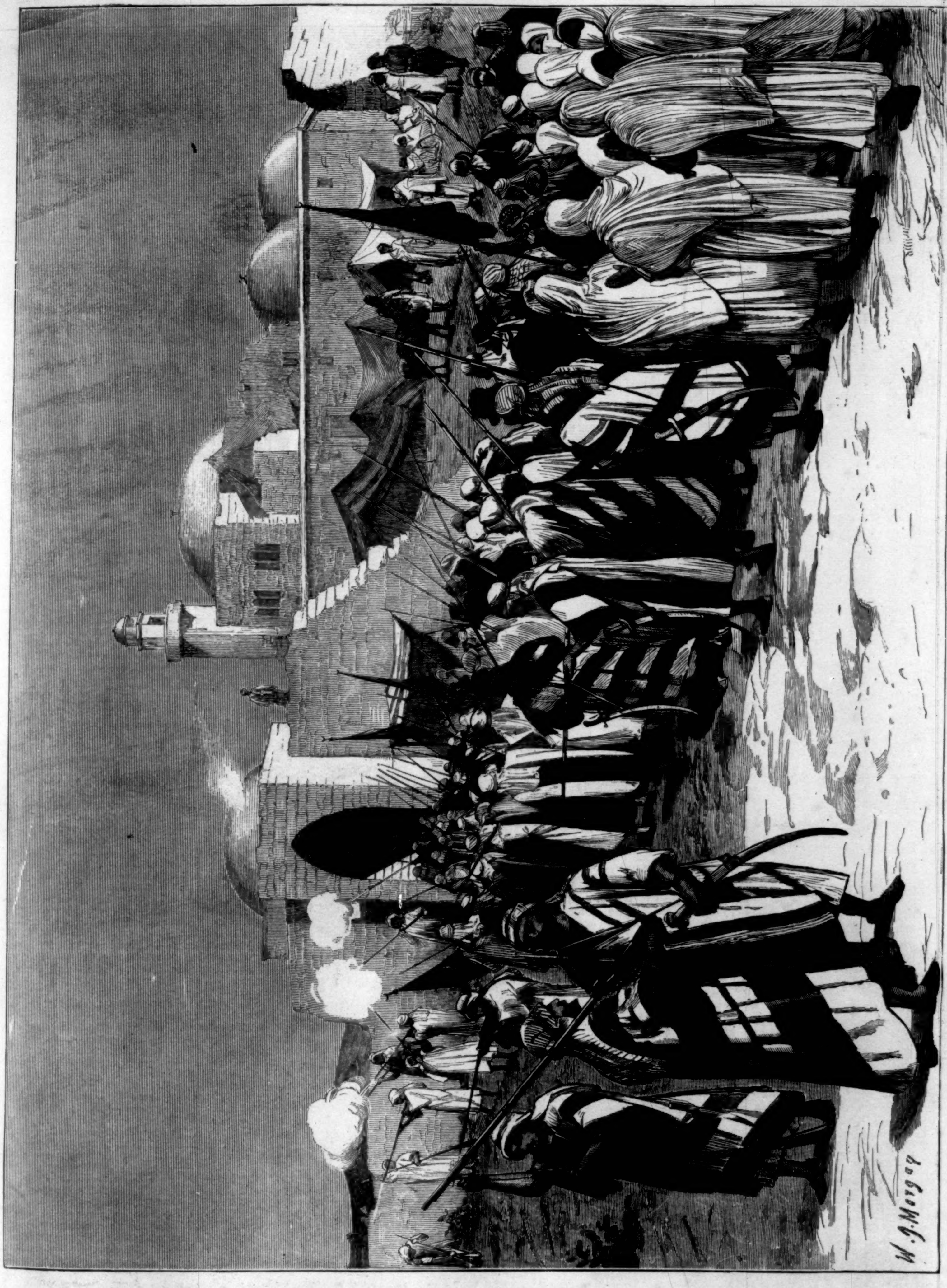

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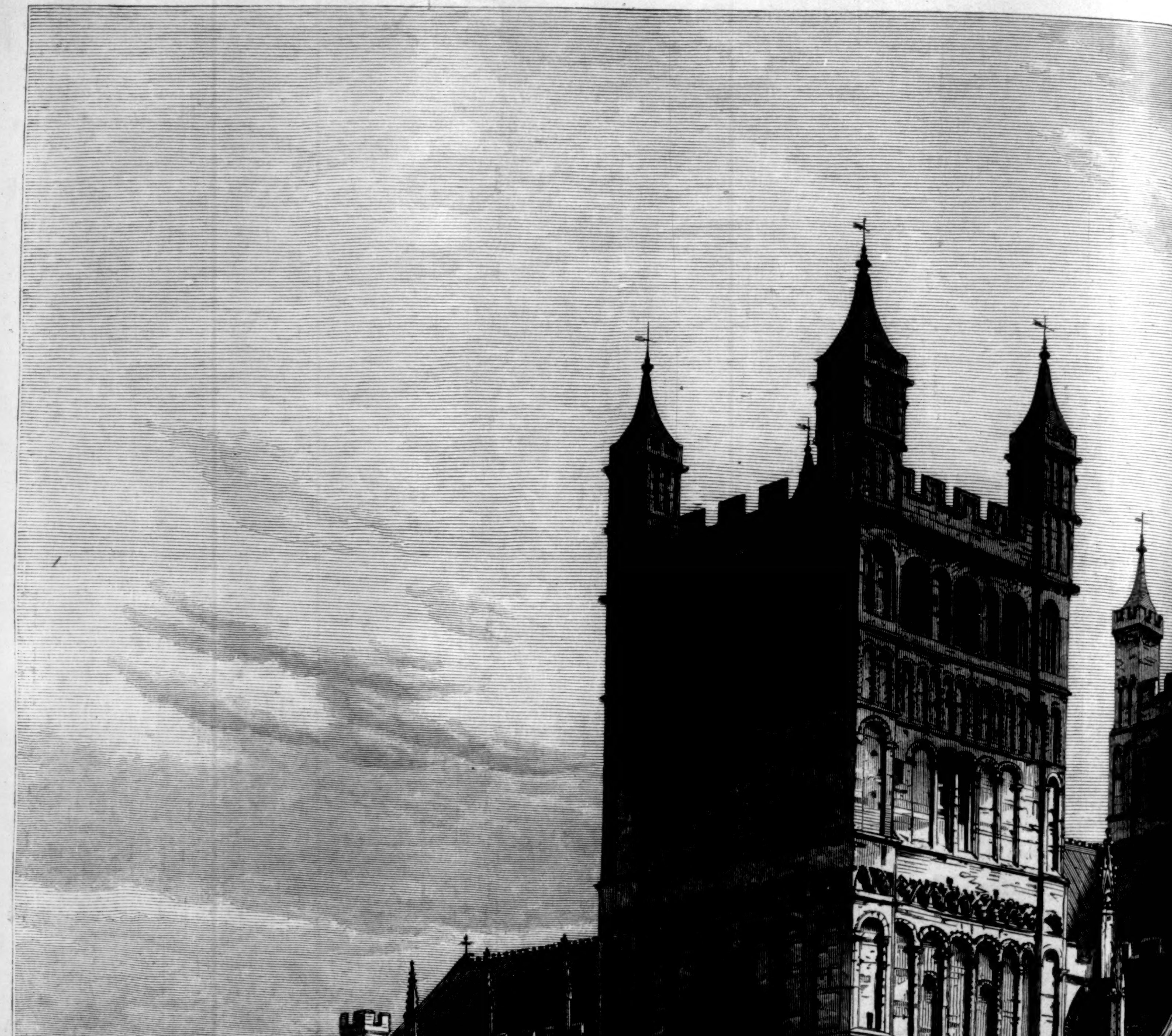
"Now that Charles Dickens's letters are being gathered from the treasuries of his friends, I wish," writes "Atlas" in the London *World*, "that some collection could also be made of the letters not written but received by him; it would be an amusing volume, because his peculiar and exquisite extravagance of humor seemed to attract the like, and his friends had the habit of jotting down for his unfailing delight any thing quaint or comic that they came across. I was riding with him one day, when he suddenly woke the echoes with one of his bursts of laughter. On my asking, with the smile of anticipation, what the joke was, he took from his pocket a letter just received from Harriet Martineau, who was staying at Tynemouth for her health, and who had noted the following incident of life in lodgings. In the same house as the authoress were sojourning a good-natured woman, comfortable in person and in circumstance, and not a little vulgar, and, on the floor above, a lady in delicate health, of straitened income, but of distinguished connections, as she proclaimed to the Tynemouth world. As Mrs. A below was sitting down one day all alone to her mid-day dinner of roast goose, it seemed to the good soul that even her enjoyment of so excellent a bird would be increased by participation with the solitary, sickly, and ill-fed Mrs. B above; she therefore cut some delicate slices from the breast and sent them up between two hot plates, accompanied by sage and onions and gravy and her compliments, by the hands of Betty the maid. There was an ominous, an awful, pause of some duration, and then Betty came down again, paler, with the luncheon untouched between the two hot plates, and on the top of them a note, which was to this effect, *verbatim:* 'Mrs. B will thank Mrs. A to disseminate her goose in her own sphere.'"

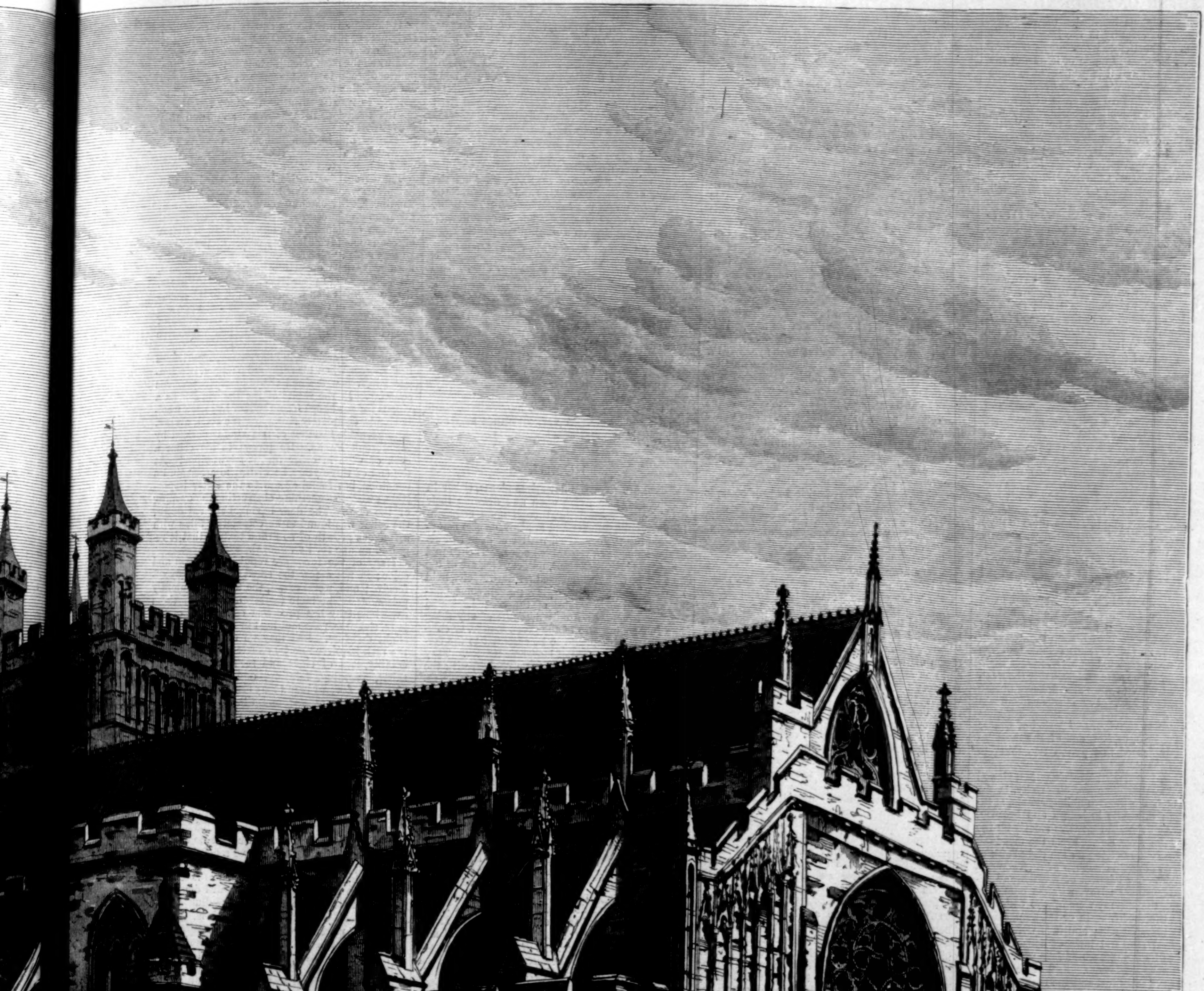
THE FABLED TOMB OF MOSES.

REGARDLESS of the actual scene of the death of the great Hebrew leader and prophet, the Mussulmans have raised to him a tomb on the west side of the river Jordan, which is annually visited by thousands of devotees. During several days, about the middle of April, fanatical mobs camp in and about the ruins of the mosque and walls within which is supposed to be the tomb. On the approach of fresh bands of pilgrims salutes are fired from the mosque with old flint-lock guns and pistols. This is answered by the Arabs or Turks, who beat drum and cymbal as they come up, their women generally marching in the rear singing, and clapping their hands. Each pilgrim discharges his gun in the air on entering the gate of the mosque.

But no one knows where the great prophet was buried. In obedience to the Divine command, just before his death, MOSES ascended Mount Nebo, one of the Pisgah range, whence he could overlook the land he was not permitted to enter. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." From that height he came down no more. "So MOSES the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."



THE CATHEDRAL AT EX



T EX , ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 724.]